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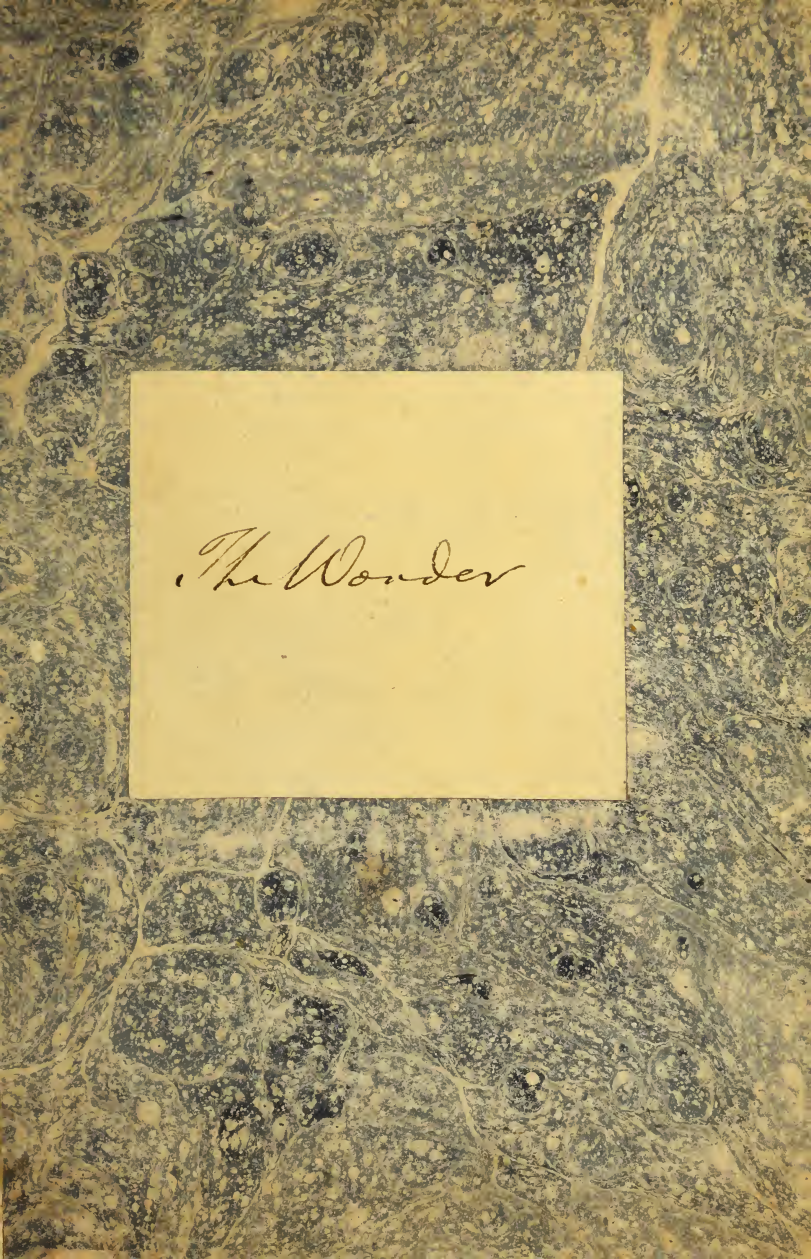

The Wonder

THE WONDER OF A Kingdome.

Quod non Dant proceres, Dabit Histrio.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

LONDON:
Printed by *Robert Raworth*, for *Nicholas Vavasour*; and are to bee sold at his Shop in the Inner *Temple*, neere the Church-doore. 1636.

Barton

160.246
May, 1873.

The Prologue.

THus from the Poet, am I bid to say;
Hee knows what Iudges fit to Doome each Play,
(The Over-curious Critick, or the wise)
The one with squint; 'Tother with Sunn-like eyes,
Shootes through each scæne; The one cries all things down
Tother, hides strangers Faults, close as his Owne.
Las! Those that out of custome come to jeere,
(Sung the full quire of the Nine Muses heere)
So Carping, Not from wit, but Apish spite,
And Fether'd Ignorance, Thus! our Poet does slight.
'Tis not a gay sute, or Distorted Face,
Can beate his Merit off, which has won Grace
In the full Theater; Nor can now feare
The Teeth of any Snaky whisperer;
But to the white, and sweete unclowded Brow,
(The heaven where true worth moves) our Poet do's bow:
Patrons of Arts, and Pilots to the Stage,
Who guide it (through all Tempests) from the Rage
Of envious Whirlewindes, ô, doe you but steere
His Muse, This day; And bring her toth' wished shore,
You are those Delphick Powers whom shee'le adore.

Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of Florence.
Prince of Pisa.
Lord Vanni.
Trebatio *his Sonne.*
Mutio. }
Philippo. } *Courtiers.*
Tornelli. }
Piero *the* Dukes *Sonne.*
Gasparo *his Friend.*
Tibaldo Neri, *Lover of*
Dariene *L.* Vanni's *wife.*
Angelo Lotti, *Lover of*
Fiametta.
Baptista, *his friend.*

Iacomo Gentili, *The Noble* House-keeper.
Signior Torrenti, *The Riotous Lord.*
Fiametta, *the* Dukes *Daughter.*
Dariene, *Old* Lord Vannies *wife.*
Alisandra, *her Daughter.*
Alphonsina, *sister to* Tibaldo Neri.

Cargo, *Lord* Vanni's *man.*
Two Curtizans.
A Nurse.

THE

THE VVONDER OF A Kingdome.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter *Duke of Florence, Prince of Pisa, Nicoletto Vanni, Trebatio his sonne, Mutio, Philippo, Tornelli, Gallants, Tibaldo Neri, Alphonsina his sister, Daricne Old Vannies wife, Cargo a serving-man.*

WEe surfit heere on Pleasures : Seas nor Land
Cannot invite us to a Feast more glorious,
Then this day we have sat at : my Lord *Vanni*,
You have an excellent seate heere; Tis a building
May entertaine a *Cæsar*: but you and I
Should rather talke of Tombs, then Pallaces,
Let's leave all to our heires, for we are old.

Nico. Old ! hem? all heart of brasse, sound as a bell,
Old? why, Ile tell your Graces; I have gone
But halfe the bridge ore yet; there lies before me
As much as I have past'd, and I'le goe it all.

Flo. Mad *Vanni* still.

Nic. Old Oakes doe not easily fall :
Decembers cold hand combes my head and beard,
But *May* swimmes in my blood; and he that walkes
Without his wooden third legge, is never old.

Pisa.

Pisa. What is your age my Lord?
Nic. Age, what call you age?
I have liv'd some halfe a day, some halfe an houre.
Flo. A tree of threescore-yeares growth, nothing?
Tib. A meere slip, you have kept good diet my lord.
Nic. Let whores keepe diet,
Tibaldo ner'e; never did Rivers runn
In wilder, madder streames, then I have done,
I'le drinke as hard yet as an Englishman.
Flo. And they are now best Drinkers.
Pisa. They put downe the Dutch-men cleane.
Nic. Ile yet upon a wager hit any fencers button.
Car, Some of 'em ha' no buttons to their doublets Sir.
Nic. Then knave, I le hit his flesh, and hit your cocks-
If you crosse mine once more. (combe,
Flo. Nay be not angry.
Nic. I have my Paslees Sir: and my Passadoes,
My Longes, my Stockadoes, Imbrocadoes,
And all my Pimtoes, and Pimtillioes,
Here at my fingers end.
Flo. By my faith 'tis well.
Nic. Old? why I ne're tooke Phisicke, nor ever will,
I'le trust none that have Art, and le ave to kill:
Now for that chopping herbe of hell Tobacco;
The idle-mans-Devill, and the Drunkards-whore,
I never medled with her; my smoake goes,
Out at my kitchin chimney, not my nose.
Flo. And some Lords have no chimnies but their noses.
Nic. Tobacco-shopps shew like prisons in hell;
Hote, smoaky, stinking, and I hate the smell.
Pis. Who'd thinke that in a coale so Ashy white,
Such fire were glowing?
Flo. May not a snuffe give light?
Tib. You see it doe's in him.
Alph. A withered-tree, doth oft beare braneches.
Nic. What thinke you then of me——sweete Lady?
Alph. Troth my Lord as of a horse, vilely, if he can
Neither wihy, nor wagge-Taile.

Flo. The Lady *Alphonsina Neri*, has given it you my Lord.
Nic. The time may come I may give it her too.
Flo. I doubt Lord *Vanni*, she will cracke no Nutts,
With such a tough shell, as is yours and mine.
But leaving this, lets see you pray at Court,
Nico. I thanke your grace.
Flo. Your wife, and your faire daughter,
One of the stars of *Florence*, with your sonne,
Heire to your worth and Honours, *Trebatio Vanni.*
Treb. I shall attend your grace.
Flo. The holy knot,
Hymen shall shortly tie, and in faire bands,
Vnite *Florence* and *Pisa* by the hands,
Of *Fyametta* and this *Pisan* Duke
(Our Noble-son in law) and at this daie,
Pray be not absent.
Nic. We shall your will obey,
Flo. We heare there is a gallant that out-vies
Vs, and our court for bravery, of expence,
For royall feasts, triumphs, and revellings.
Nic. He's my neere kinsman, mine owne brothers son,
Who desperately a prodigall race doth runne,
And for this riotous humour, he has the by-name,
Signior Torrenti, a swift Head-long streame.
Flo. But ther's another layes on more then he.
Nic. Old *Iacomo?* open-handed charitie,
Sit's ever at his gates to welcome guests.
He makes no bone-fires, as my riotous kinsman,
And yet his chimneis cast out braver smoake.
The Bellows which he blowes with, are good deeds,
The rich he smiles upon, the poore he feeds.
Flo. These gallants we'le be feasted by, and Feast;
Fames praises of'em, shall make us their guest.
Meane time we'le hence. *Exit Florence, Pisa, &c.*

Enter Cargo.

Car. I have News to tell your Lordship, *Signior Angelo* (of the *Lotti Family*) is banished.

Dari.

Dari. How baniſh't? alas poore *Angelo Lotti.*

Treb. Why muſt he goe from *Florence*?

Cargo. Becauſe he can ſtay there no longer.

Nic. To what end is he driven from the Citie?

Cargo. To the end he ſhould goe into ſome other my Lord.

Nic. Hoida.

Car. I hope this is newes Sir.

Nic. What ſpeake the people of him?

Car. As bells ring; ſome out, ſome in, all jangle, they ſay he Has dealt with the *Genoway* againſt the ſtate: but whether with the men, or the women; tis to be ſtood upon.

Nic. Away Sir knave and foole.

Car. Sir knave, a new word: fooles, and knaves Sir? *Exit.*

Nic. This muttering long agoe flew to mine eare,
The *Genoway* is but a line throwne out,
But *Fiametta's* love, the net that choakes him.

Tre. He's worthy of her equall,

Nic. Peace fooliſh boy,
At theſe ſtate bone-fires (whoſe flames reach ſo high)
To ſtand aloofe, is ſafer then too nigh. *Exit*

Enter Tibaldo Neri, and Alphonſina.

Alp. Why brother, what's the matter?

Tib. I'me ill, exceeding ill.

Alp. That's not well.

Tib. Sure I did ſurfet at Lord *Vannies.*

Alp. Surfet? you eate ſome Meate againſt your ſtomack.

Tib. No, but I had a ſtomack to one diſh, and the not taſting it, makes me ſick at heart.

Alp. Was it fiſh or fleſh?

Tib. Fleſh ſure, if I hit the marke right.

Alp. I'ſt not the miſsing of a marke (which you long to hit)
Makes you draw ſighes in ſtead of arrowes?

Tib. Would I had beene a thouſand leagues from thence,
When I ſat downe at's table, or bin partner
With *Angelo Lotti* in his baniſhment;
Oh! ſiſter *Alphonſina*, there I dranke
My bane, the ſtrongeſt poiſon that e're man
Drew from a Ladies eye, now ſwelling in me.

Alp.

Alp. By casting of thy water then, I guesse thou would'st
Have a medcine for the greene-sicknes.

Tib. 'Tis a greene wound indeed.

Alp. Tent it, tent it, and keepe it from rankling, you are
Over head and eares in love.

Tib. I am, and with such mortall Arrowes pierc't
I shall fall downe———

Alp. There's no hurt in that.

Tib. And dye unlesse her pitty
Send me a quicke and sweete recovery.

Alp. And faith what do'st resse is she must call you patient?

Tib. Faire *Dariene*, the Lord *Vannies* wife———

Alp. How! *Dariene*? can no feather fit you but the broach in an
Old mans hatt? were there so many dainty dishes
To fill your belly, and must you needs long for that dish
The master of the house setts up for his owne tooth.

Tib. Could love be like a subject, tied to lawes,
Then might you speake this language.

Alp. Love? a disease as common with young-gallants as
Swaggering and drinking Tobacco, there's not one
Of 'um all but will to day ly drawing on for a
Woman, as if they were puffing and blowing at a streight boot,
And to morrow be ready to knock at deathes doore,
But I wo'd faine see one of you enter and set in
His staffe.

Tib. You shall see me then do so.

Alp. I shall looke so old first; I shall be taken for thy grandame; come, come 'tis but a worme betweene the skinne
And the flesh, and to be taken out with the point of a
Waiting-womans needle, as well as a great
Countesses.

Tib. If this be all the comfort you will lend me,
Would you might leave me ———

Alp. Leave thee in sicknes? I had more need give thee a
Caudle; and thrust thy addle-head into a night-Capp,
for looke you brother———

Tib. Even what you will must out

Alp. If what you will might ſo too, then would you be in
Tune: I warrant, if the ſucket ſtood here before
Thee, thy ſtomack would goe againſt it.

Tib. Yes ſure my ſtomack would goe againſt it:
'Tis onely that which breeds in me deſpaire.

Alp. Deſpaire for a woman? they hang about mens
Neckes in ſome places thicker then hops upon poles.

Tib. Her walls of chaſtitie cannot be beaten downe.

Alp. Walls of chaſtitie? walls of wafer-cakes, I have
Knowne a woman carry a fether-bed, and a man in't
In her minde, when in the ſtreete ſhe caſt up the white of
Her eye like a Puritane.

Tib. Sifter you do but ſtretch me on the racke
And with a laughing cheeke increaſe my paine,
Be rather pitifull and eaſe my torments
By teaching me how in this dreadfull ſtorme,
I may eſcape ſhip-wrack and attaine that ſhore
Where I may live, heere elſe I'me ſure to die.

Alp. Well brother, ſince you will needs ſaile by ſuch a
Starre as I ſhall point out, looke you heere it is; if ſhe were
Your Fether-makers, Taylors or Barbers wife,
Baite a hooke with gold, and with it———

Tib. I doe conjure you by that noble blood
Which makes me call you ſiſter, ceaſe to powre
Poiſon into a wound, ſo neere my heart,
And if to cure Loves-paines there be an Art.
Woman me thinkes ſhould know it cauſe ſhe breeds it,

Alp. That cunning woman you take me to be, and becauſe
I ſee you diſſemble not, heer's my medcine.

Tib. I ſhall for ever thanke you.

Alp. Firſt ſend for your Barber,

Tib. For heavens ſake.

Alp. Your barber ſhall not come to rob you of your beard,
I'le deale in no concealements———

Tib. Oh! fie, fie, fie———

Alp. But let him by rubbing of you quicken
Your ſpirits.

Tib. So ſo.

Alp.

Alp. Then whistle your gold-finches (your gallants) to your fist.

Tib. Y'ar mad, y'ar mad.

Alp. Into a Tauerne, Drinke stiffe, sweare stiffe, have your musicke, and your brace, dance, and whiffe Tobacco,
Till all smoake Agen, and split Sir.

Tib. You split my very heart in pieces.

Alp. And doe thus, but till the Moore cutts off her hornes;
Laugh in the day, and sleepe in the night: and this wenching fier will be burnt out of you.

Tib. Away, away, cruell you are to kill,
When to give life, you have both power and skill. *Exit.*

Alp. Alas, poore brother now I pitty thee, and wo'd doe
Any thing to helpe thee to thy longing, but that a
Gap must be broken, in another mans hedge to rob
His orchard, within there *Luca Angelo*, give him
Musick:
Musicke has helpt some mad-men, let it then
Charme him, Love makes fooles of the wisest men. *Exit*

Enter at one doore, Angelo Lotti, and Baptista, at the other, Piero, and Iaspero.

Pier. Yonders that villaine, keepe off *Iaspero:*
This prey I'le cease. *All draw.*

Iasp. Be more advised Sir. *Bap.* At whose life shoote you?

Pier. At that slaves there.

Ang. Slave? I know you for the Dukes sonne, but I know noe cause of quarrell, or this base reproach.

Pier. Thou art a villaine. *Ang.* Wherein?

Pier. And by witch-craft,
Had stole my sister *Fiametta's* heart,
Forceing her leave a Prince his bed for thine.

Ang. If for her love you come to kill me; heere
I'le point you to a doore where you may enter and fetch out a loath'd life. *Pier. Iaspero.* *Iasp.* Oh my Lord.

Ang. Let him come, I ow her all;
And that debt will I pay her gladly.

Iasp. Deare Sir heare him———

Ang. But if on any other fier of rage;
You thirst to drinke my blood, heere I defie

You, and your malice; and returne the villaine
Into your throate.

Pier. So brave sir! *Change a thrust or two.*

Enter *Nicolletto*, and *Cargo.*

Nico. I charge you in the Dukes name, keepe the peace;
Beate downe their weapons, knock em downe *Cargo.*

Car. I have a Iustices warrant to apprehend your weapons;
Therefore I charge you deliver.

Nico. Oh my Lord: make a fray in an open streete? 'tis to
Make a bon-fire to draw children and fooles
Together; Signior *Angelo*, pray be wise, and be gon.

Ang. I doe but guard my life (my Lord) from danger.

Bapt. Sir, you doe exercise your violence
Vpon a man, stab'd to the heart with wounds;
You see him sinking, and you set your foote
Vpon his head, to kill him with two deathes;
Trample not thus on a poore banish'd man.

Nico. If hee be banish'd, why dwells hee ith' house, whose
Tiles are pull'd downe over his head? You must hunt
No more in this Parke of *Florence*; why then
Doe you lie sneaking heere, to steale venison?

Ang. My Lords, I take my last leave of you all;
Of love, and fortunes ——

Bapt. Lower thou canst not fall. *Exit.*

Iasp. Trust mee, my Lord, This *Lotti* is a man,
(Setting aside his rivall-ship in love,
For which you hate him) so abundant rich
In all the Vertues of a Gentle-man,
That had you read their file, as I haue done,
You would not onely fall in love with him,
And hold him worthy of a Princesse bed,
But grieve, that for a woman, such a man
Should so much suffer; in being so put downe,
Never to rise againe.

Nicol. A terrible case, i'de not be in't for all *Florence.*

Pie. Troth deare friend,
The praises which have crown'd him with thy Iudgement,
Make mee to cast on him an open eye,

Which

Which was before ſhut, and I pittie him.
I Never heard 'mongſt all your *Romane* ſpirits,
Iaſp. That any held ſo bravely up his head,
In ſuch a ſea of troubles (that come rowling
One on anothers necke) as *Lotti* doth,
Hee puts the ſpite of Fortune to diſgrace,
And makes her, when ſhee frownes worſt, turne her face.
Pier. No more: I love him, and for all the Dukedome,
Would not have cut ſo Noble a ſpreading Vine,
To draw from it one drop of blood; Lord *Vanni*,
I thanke you that you cur'd our wounded peace,
So fare you well. *Exit.*
Nico. A good health to you both.
Iaſp. You play the Conſtable wiſely. *Exit*
Carg. And I his Beadle, I hope as wiſely.
Nico. The Conſtable wiſely; *Cargo* he calls me foole by craft,
But let 'em paſſe.
Carg. As Gentle-men doe by Creditors (muffled)
Nico. I haue another caſe to handle: thou know'ſt the *Donna Alphonſina*, of the *Neri* Familie.
Carg. The little Paraquinto that was heere when the Duke
Was feaſted, ſhee had quick-ſilver in her mouth, for
Her tongue, like a Bride the firſt night, never lay ſtill.
Nico. The ſame Aſpen-leafe, the ſame; is't not a Galley for
The Great *Turke* to be row'd in?
Carg. I thinke my Lord, in calme weather, ſhee may ſet upon
A Gally-aſſ bigge as your Lordſhip.
Nico. Commend me to this *Angelica*.
Carg. *Angelica*-water is good for a cold ſtomach.
Nico. I am all fire. *Carg.* Shee's a cooler.
Nico. Would 'twere come to that.
Carg. A ſmall thing does it my Lord; in the time a
Flemming drinkes a Flap-dragon.
Nico. Give her this paper, and this; in the one ſhe may know
my minde, in the other, feele me: this a Letter, this a Iewell:
Tell her, I kiſſe the little white naile of her little white
Finger, of her more little white hand, of her moſt
Little white bodie.

Carg. Her tell-tale, for all this will I bee.

Nico. Thou haſt beene my weavers ſhuttle to runne betwixt me and my ſtuffes of *Procreandi cauſa.*

Carg. A ſuite of Stand-farther-off, had bin better ſometimes.

Nico. No *Cargo*, I have ſtill the *Lapis mirabilis*; be thou cloſe--

Carg. As my Ladies Chamber-maide.

Nico. Away then, nay quicke knave, thou rack'ſt mee. *Exit.*

Carg. I goe to ſtretch you to your full length. *Exit.*

Enter Iocomo Gentili, in a ſuite of gray, Velvet-gowne, Cap, Chaine, Steward, and Serving-men, Mutio, Philippo, Tornelli, Montinello.

Gent. Happy be your arivall, Noble friends;
You are the firſt, that like to Doves repaire
To my new building; you are my firſt-borne gueſts,
My eldeſt ſonnes of hoſpitalitie;
Here's to my hearty wellcomes.

Mutio. Worthy Lord,
In one word, and the word of one, for all,
Our thankes are as your welcomes, Infinite.

Phil. *Rome* in her Auncient pride, never rais'd up
A worke of greater wonder, then this building.

Gent. Tis finiſh'd, and the coſt ſtands on no ſcore,
None can for want of payment, at my doore,
Curſe my foundation, praying the rooſe may fall
On the proud builders head, ſeeing the ſmoake goe
Out of thoſe Chimneys, for whoſe bricks I owe.

Tor. To erect a frame ſo glorious, large, and hie,
Would draw a very ſea of ſilver drie.

Mont. My Lord *Iocomo Gentili*, pray tell us,
How much money have you buried under this kingly building?

Gent. Pray call it not ſo:
The humble ſhrub, no Cedar heere ſhall grow;
You ſee Three hundred Dorick pillars ſtand
About one ſquare, Three hundred Noble friends
Lay'd (in their loves) at raiſing of thoſe Columnes,
A piece of gold under each Pedeſtall,
With his name grav'd upon the bottome ſtone,
Except that coſt, all other was mine owne;

See heere, each dayes expences are so great,
They make a volume, for in this appeares,
It was no taske of weekes, or moneths, but yeares:
I trust my steward onely with the key,
Which keepes that secret; heere's Arithmetick
For churles to cast up, there's nhe roote of all;
If you have skill in numbers, number that.
Mont. Good Mr. Steward read it. *Stew.* All the charge
In the grosse summe, amounteth to ——
Gent. To what?
Thou vaine vaine-glorious foole, goe burne that Booke,
No Herald needs to blazon Charities Armes;
Goe burne it presently. *Stew.* Burne it? *Exit.*
Gent. Away,
I lanch not forth a ship, with drums and gunnes,
And Trumpets, to proclaime my gallantry;
He that will reade the wasting of my gold,
Shall find it writ in ashes, which the winde
Will scatter ere he spends it; Another day,
The wheele may turne, and I that built thus high,
May by the stormes of want, be driven to dwell
In a thatch't Cottage; Rancor shall not then
Spit poyson at me, pinning on my backe
This card; Hee that spent thus much, now does lack.
Mont. Why to your house adde you so many gates?
Gent. My gates fill up the number of seuen dayes,
At which, of guests, seven severall sorts Ile welcome:
On Munday, Knights whose fortunes are sunke low;
On Tuesday, those that all their life-long read
The huge voluminous wonders of the deepe,
Sea-men (I meane) and so on other dayes,
Others shall take their turnes.
Phi. Why have you then built twelue such vaste roomes.
Gent. For the yeares twelve moones;
In each of which, twelue Tables shall be spread;
At them, such whom the world scornes shall be fed,
The windowes of my building, which each morne,
Are Porters, to let in mans comfort (light)

Are

Are numbred just three hundred sixtie five,
And in so many daies the sunne does drive
His chariot stuck with beames of Burnish't gold,
My Almes shall such diurnall progresse make
As doe's the sunne in his bright-*Zodiack*.

Tor. You differ from the guise of other lands,
Where Lords lay all their livings on the racke,
Not spending it in bread, but on the backe.

Gent. Such Lords eate men, but men shall eate up me,
My uncle the Lord *Abbot* had a soule
Subtile and quick, and searching as the fier,
By Magicke-stayers he went as deepe as hell,
And if in devills possession gold be kept,
He brought some sure from thence, 'tis hid in caves
Knowne (save to me) to none, and like a spring
The more 'tis drawne, the more it still doth rise,
The more my heape wastes, more it multiplies.
Now whither (as most rich-men doe) he pawn'd
His soule for that deare purchase none can tell,
But by his bed-side when he saw death stand
Fetching a deepe groane, me he catch't by'th hand
Cal'd me his heire, and charg'd me well to spend
What he had got ill, deale (quoth he) a doale
which round (with good mens prayers) may guard my soule
Now at her setting forth: let none feele want
That knock but at thy gates: do wrong to none,
And what request to thee so ear is made,
If honest, see it never be denay'd.

Mont. And yow'le performe all this? *Gent.* Faire & upright,
As are the strict vowes of an Anchorite:
A benefit given by a Niggards hand
Is stale and gravily bread, the hunger-starv'd
Takes it, but cannot eate it; Ile give none such.
Who with free heart shakes out but crums, gives much.

Mont. In such a ship of worldly cares my Lord
As you must saile now in, yow'le need more Pilots
Then your owne selfe to sit and steare the Helme.

You

You might doe therefore well to take a wife;

Gent. A wife? when I shall have one hand in heaven,
To write my happinesse in leaves of starres;
A wife wo'd plucke me by the other downe:
This Barke hath thus long sail'd about the world,
My soule the Pilot, and yet never listen'd
To such a Mare-maids song: a wife, oh fetters,
To mans blest liberty! All this world's a prison,
Heaven the high wall about it, sin the jalour,
But the iron-shackles waying downe our heeles,
Are onely women, those light Angells turne us,
To fleshly devills, I that Sex admire,
But never will sit neere their wanton fier.

Mut. Who then shall reape the golden corne you sowe?

Phi. 'Tis halfe a curse to them, that build, and spare,
and hoard up wealth, yet cannot name an heire.

Gent. My heires shall be poore children fed on almes,
Souldiers that want limbes, schollers poore and scorn'd.
And these will be a sure inheritance;
Not to decay: Mannors and Townes will fall,
Lord-ships and Parkes, Pastures and woods be sold;
But this Land still continues to the Lord:
No subtile trickes of law, can me beguile of this.
But of the beggers-dishe, I shall drinke healthes
To last for ever; whil'st I live, my roofe
Shall cover naked wretches; when I die,
'Tis dedicated to St. Charitie.

Mut. The Duke inform'd, what trees of goodnesse grow;
Here of your planting, in true loue to your virtues;
Sent us to give you thankes, for crowning *Florence*,
With fame of such a subject, and entreats you
(Vntill he come himselfe) to accept this token,
Of his faire wishes towards you.

Gent. Pray returne
my duty to the Duke, tell him I value his love
beyond all jewells in the world.

Phi. H'as vow'd ere long to be your visitant.

Gent. He shall be welcome when he comes, that's all;

Not to a Pallace, but my hospitall.

Omnes. Wee'le leave your Lordship.

Gent. My best thoughts goe with you:
My Steward?

Enter Steward, and a foolish Gentle-man.

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Gent. Is the Booke fired?

Stew. As you commanded Sir, I saw it burn'd.

Gent. Keep safe that Iewell, and leave me; letters from whome?

Buz. Signior Ieronimo *Guydanes.*

Gent. Oh sir, I know the businesse: yes, yes, 'tis the same; *Guidanes* lives amongst my bosome friends:
He writes to have me entertaine you sir.

Buz. That's the bough, my bolt flies at, my Lord.

Gent. What Qualities are you furnish't w th?

Buz. My Education has bin like a Gent e-man.

Gent. Have you any skill in song, or Instrument?

Buz. As a Gentleman shoo'd have, I know all, but play on none: I am no Barber.

Gent. Barber! no sir, I thinke it; Are you a Linguist?

Buz. As a Gentleman ought to be, one tongue serues one head; I am no Pedler, to travell Countries.

Gent. What skill ha'you in horseman-ship?

Buz. As other Gentlemen have, I ha' rid some beasts in my Time.

Gent. Can you write and reade then?

Buz. As most of your Gentle-men doe, my hand has bin Taken with my marke at it.

Gent. I see you are a dealer, give me thy hand, Ile entertaine thee howsoeuer, because in thee I keepe halfe a score Gentlemen; thy name.

Buz. Asinius Buzardo ——

Gent. I entertaine thee, good *Buzardo.*

Buz. Thankes sir.

Gent. This fellow's a starke foole, or too wise,
The triall will be with what wing he flies. *Exit.*

Actus secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter *Tibaldo* sicke in his chaire, *Alphonsina*, *Mutio*, *Philippo*, *Tornelli*, *Montivello*.

Mut. IN Lawes of courtesie, wee are bound sweete Lady,
(Being thus nigh) to see you and your brother,
Our noble friend, tho' the Duke had not sent.

Alp. Thankes worthy sir.

Phil. Signior *Tibaldo* hath desire to sleepe.

Tor. Then leave him, Companie offends the sicke.

Alp. Our humblest dutie to my Lord the Duke;
If in my Brothers name, and mine, you tender
For this his noble love, wee both shall rest
Highly indebted to you all.

Mut. Sweete Madam,
You shall command our lives to worke your good.

Alp. Signior, your love.

Omnes. All at your service Madam.

Mut. A quick, and good health to your noble Brother.

Alp. And all faire fortunes doubled on your selfe. *Exit.*

So: me-thinkes a Lady had more need have a new paire of lips, then a new paire of gloves, for tho' they were both of one skinne, yet one wou'd weare out sooner then the other; I thinke these Courtiers have al-offices in the Spicerie, And taking my lips for sweet-meates, are as sawcie with 'em as if they were Fees; I wonder *Tibaldo* thou can'st sit still, and not come in for a share; If old *Vanni's* wife had beene heere, all the parts about you had mov'd.

Tib. Thou think'st I lie in, heere's such a gossiping, as if 'twere a Child-bed Chamber.

Alp. So 'tis, for Ile sweare, all this stirre is about having a woman brought to bed; marry I doubt it must be a mans lying in.

Tib. I would thy tongue were a man then, to lie.

Alp. I had rather it were a woman, to tell trueth.

Tib. Good sister *Alphonsina*, you still play

The bad Phiſicion, I am all on fire,
And you to quench mee, powre on ſcoopes of oyle;
I feele ten thouſand plummets at my heart,
Yet you cry, Lay on more, and are more cruell
Then all my tortures. *Alp.* Sadneſſe, I pittie thee,
And will to doe thee ſervice, venture life,
Mine honour being kept ſpotleſſe.
Tib. Gentle ſifter,
The eaſieſt thing ith' world to begge, I crave,
And the pooreſt Almes to give.
Alp. But aske and have.
Tib. A friendly counſell, loe that's all. *Alp.* 'Tis yours.
Be rul'd by me then; in an aſhie ſheete,
Cover theſe glowing embers of deſire.
Tib. Embers? I wo'd you felt em, 'tis a fire———
Alp. Come, and ſet hand to paper, Ile indite.
Tib. And ſhee'le condemne me; no, I will not write.
Alp. Then prethee take this Phiſick; be not the ſea, to drinke ſtrange Rivers up, yet ſtill be drie; Be like a noble ſtreame, covet to runne betwixt faire bankes, which thou may'ſt call thine owne, and let thoſe bankes be ſome faire Ladies armes, fit for thy youth, and birth. *Tib.* Againſt your charmes,
Witch, thus I ſtop mine eares.
Alp. Ile hollow them: this Deere runnes in my Lords Parke,
And if you ſteale it, looke to have Blood-hounds ſcent you.
Tib. Are you mad?
Alp. Yes, you ſhall finde veniſon-ſawce deerer then other fleſh.
Tib. No, no, none elſe muſt, none ſhall, none can,
My hunger feede but this; downe will I dive,
And fetch this Pearle, or nere come up alive———
Alp. Are all my warme cawdles come to this? now I ſee th'art too farre gone, this Lady hath overſpent thee. therefore ſettle thine eſtate, plucke up a good heart, and Ile pen thy will.
Tib. Oh fie, fie.
Alp. Bequeath thy kiſſes to ſome Taylor, that hunts out weddings every ſunday; *Item*, Thy ſighes to a noyſe of fidlers ill paid, thy paleneſſe to a Feneer fighting at ſharpe, thy want of ſtomack to one of the Dukes guard.

Tib.

Tib. I begge it at thy hands, that being a woman, thou'lt make a wonder.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. What's that?

Tib. Hold thy tongue.

Alp. It's an Instrument ever plaid on, cause well strung, Who's that come into the Chamber there? Oh, Mr. *Cargo.*

Carg. My Lord hath sent you a Iewell, lock't up in this paper, and the moisture of a goose quill, that's to say, words in that ——

Alp. Oh sir, I thanke your Lord, and this your paines; have him into the Buttery —— let me see, Lady, that I love you, I dare sweare like a Lord (I shall have oathes enough then) I send you all that is mine, in hope all shall bee mine that is yours, for it stands to reason, that mine being yours, yours should bee mine, and yours being mine, mine should be yours. Love me, or I die, If I die, you kill me, If you kill me, I will say nothing, but take the blow patiently. I hold my life this Lord has bin bastinado'd, out upon him rammish foxe, he stinks hither; Prethee good Brother reade.

Tib. I will. *Reades.*

Alp. Is't Gander moneth with him? How the devill is my maydenhead blasted? that among such shoales of Gallants, that swim up and downe the Court, no fish bites at the baite of my poore beautie, but this tough Cods-head?

Tib. Oh sister, peace for heavens sake; heere lies health
Even in this bitter pill (for me) so you
Would play but my Phisician, and say, take it;
You are offered heere, to soiourne at his house:
Companion with his Lady.

Alp. Sr, I have you. And I goeing vpon so weightie a businesse, as getting of children, you would ha' me pin you to my sleeve.

Tib. Most true.

Alp. You care not so I turne whore to pleasure you.

Tib. Oh Sister, your high worth is knowne full well
Gainst base assault, a Fort Impregnable;
And therefore, as you love my life, ith' springe,
Catch this old Wood-cocke.

Alp.

Alp. In the flame I'le singe
My wings, unlesse I put the candle out,
That you i'th'darke may bring your hopes about.
You have wonne me. *Tib.* You revive me.

Alp. Have a care you cast not your selfe downe too soone now.

Tib. I warrant you.

Alp. As for my old Huck-sters artillery, I have walls of Chastity strong enough shoote he never so hard, to keepe him From making any breach.

Tib. 'Twill be a noble-battaile on each side;
Yet now my spirits are rouzed, a stratageme
Lies hatching heere, pray helpe me noble sister,
to give it forme and life.

Alp. My best. *Tib.* What thinke you?
(The marke of man not yet set in my face)
If as your sister, or your kins-woman,
I goe in womans habit, for thereby,
Speech, free accesse, faire opportunity;
Are had without suspition.

Alp. Mine be your will;
Oh me! what paines we take to bring forth ill!
Such a disguise is safe too, since you never but once
Were seene there.

Tib. My wise sister ever. *(Enter Cargo)*

Alp. Send in the fellow there that brought the letter;
Why how now? doe his leggs faile him already?
A staffe for his declining age.

Carg. I have a pike-staffe of mine owne already, but I could not Keep our your scurvy desperate hoggs-head from coming In upon me, I'me cut i'th'cock'combe.

Alb. Nothing I see is so like an old-man, as a young-man drunke.

Carg. Or when he comes from a wench.

Alp. Before he beare your answer let him sleep.

Tib. Whil'st you laugh at what I could almost weepe. *Exit.*

Enter Angelo, like a Doctor, Baptista, his man.

Ang. Deare friend, I should both wrong my faith & fortunes,

To

To make'em thus dance Antickes; I ſhall never
play the diſſembler.

Bapt. Then never play the Lover;
Death! for a woman, I'de be fleade alive,
Could I but finde one conſtant: i'th ſuch a matter
For you then to put on a Doctours-gowne,
And his flat velvet-Cap, and ſpeake the gibbering
Of an Apothecary. *Ang.* If thus diſguiſd
I'me taken all the phiſicke in the world
Cannot prolong my life. *Bapt.* And dying for her,
You venture bravely, all women o're you grave
will pray that they ſo kinde a man may have,
As to die for'em; ſay your baniſhment
Had borne you hence, what hells of diſcontent,
Had rack'd your ſoule for her, as hers for you?
Should you but faint, well might you ſeeme untrue,
Where this attempt your loyalty ſhall approve,
Who ventures fartheſt winns a Ladies-love.

Ang. How are my beard and haire?

Bapt. Friend I proteſt,
So rarely counterfeit; as if a painter
Should draw a Doctour: were I ſicke my ſelfe,
And met you with an urinall in my hand,
I'de caſt it at your head, unleſſe you caſt
The water for me, come, all's paſsing well;
Love which makes pale the cheeks, gives you complexion,
Fit for a ſallow French-man.

Ang. I will on then,
In France I long haue liv'd; And know the Garbe
Of the French-Mounte-bankes, whoſe apiſh geſture,
Although in them I hold ridiculous,
My ſelfe ſhall practiſe.

Bapt. For a Doctours-man,
You ſee I'me fitted, foote by foote I'le walke,
and meete all dangers ſent againſt your breaſt.

Ang. I thanke thee noble friend; let's then to court.
The pangs a lover ſuffers are but ſhort. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Florence, Pisa, Nicolletto, Philippo, Tonell, Piero, met by an old Nurse.

Flo. How now *Nurse*, how does my *Fiametta*?

Nurs. Oh my sweete Lord, shees at it agen, at it agen!

Flo. Who are with her? call for more helpe.

Nurs. More helpe alas there's my Lady *Vanni* with her, and Ladies upon Ladies, and Doctours upon Doctours, but all cannot doe.

Pisa. How does it take her *Nurse*?

Nurs. Oh sweete Princesse, it takes her all over with a pricking; first about her stomack, and then she heaves and heaves, that no one man with all his weight, can keepe her downe.

Pier. At this I wonder, that her sickneſſe makes her Doctours fooles.

Nic. He that she findes most ease in, is Dr. *Iordan*.

Flo. I will give halfe my Duke-dome for her health.

Nic. Well, well, If death do take her, he shall have the sweetest bed-fellow that ever lay by leane mans-side.

Flo. I entreate thee *Nurse* be tender over her.

Nurs. Tender quoth a? I'me sure my heeles are growne as hard as hooſes, with trotting for her, I'le put you in one comfort.

Flo. What's that Nurse?

Nurs. In her greatest conflict sh'as had a worthy feeling of her selfe. *Exit*

Flo. So, so, I'me glad of it my Lord of *Pisa*.
Vnder this common blow, which might have strooke the strongest heart, here pray doe not you shrinke.

Pisa. Sicknes is lifes retainer, Sir, and I
(What is not to be shun'd) beare patiently;
But had she health as sound as hath the spring,
She wo'd to me prove sickly Autumne still.

Flo. Oh say not so,

Pis. I finde it, for being loyall,
As the touch-needle to one starre still turning,
I looſe that starre, my faith is paid with scorning.
Who then with eagles wings, of faith and truth,
W'ud in her sun-beames plaie away his youth,
And kiſſe those flames, which burne but out mine eyes,

With

With scalding rivers of her cruelties?

Flo. 'Tis but her way-ward sicknes casts this eye
of slightnes on you. *Pis.* 'Tis my Lord her hate;
For when death sits even almost on her browes,
She spreads her armes abroad, to welcome him,
When in my bridall-bed I finde a grave.

Flo. Now *Mutio?* *Enter Mutio.*

Mut. There's a French-man come to court,
A profest Doctour, that has seen the Princesse,
And will on her recovery pawne his life.

Flor. Comfort from heaven, I hope, let's see this Doctour.

Enter Angelo like a Doctour, Baptista his man.

Flo. Welcome good Doctour: have you seen my daughter?
Restore her health, and nothing in my Duke-dome,
Shall be too deare for thee. How doe you Iudge her?

Ang. Be me trat me Lord, I finde her a very bad lady, & no well.

Flo. Piero take the Duke of *Pisa* pray and be your sisters visi-
Piero. Sir we shall, if the Duke please——— (tants.

Pisa. The poysoned may drinke gall. *Exit.*

Flo. Attend the Duke. *Enter Cargo, with a letter.*

Caego. The party Sir.

Nico. Thou shalt have *Cæsars* pay——my Coach,

Car. Old January goes to lie with May. *Exit.*

Flo. Doctor I thus have singled you, to sound
The depth of my girles sicknes, that if no skill
Of man can save her, I against heavens will,
May arme my breast with patience, therefore be free.

Ang. By my tra' and fa'my Lor', me no point can play
The hound, and fawne upon *de* most *puissant Roy in de* world;
A French-man beare the brave minde for dat.

Flo. So, so, I like him better.

Ang. Me gra tanke you, now for de maladie of de Princesse,
Me one two, tre time, feele her pulse, and ron up and downe all
De oder parts of her body, and finde noting but dat
She be trobla with le gran desire of de man.

Flo. A great desire of a man?

Ang. A my trat 'tis verament, she longa to do some ting in
Love upon le gentle home.

Flo. Doctor thou hit'ſt her heart, 'tis there ſhee's wounded,
By a poyſon'd Arrow, ſhot from a villaines hand;
One *Angelo* of the *Lotti* Familie,
And till that head be pluckt out, ſhee will pine,
Vnleſſe controul'd by ſome deepe Art of thine.

Ang. All tings poſſibela me ſall undergoe; mee ha read *Gallen*, *Hipocratus*, *Avicen*, but no point can peeke out le remedie for de Madam in de bryars of love.

Flo. No medicine you ſay in any of them for Love.

Ang. Ayme, trat not worth a lowſe, onely in my perigrination about le grand gloabe of de world, me find out a fine trick for make a de man, and Voman doe, dat is tickla in love.

Flo. The man and the woman doe? how doe, how doe?

Ang. To be cura, and all whole, Admirable vell.

Flo. As how pray?

Ang. Me have had under my fingera, many brave vench, and moſt Noble gentle Dames, dat have bee much troubla, upon de wilde vorme in de taile for de man.

Flo. Very good.

Ang. And bee my tra my Lord, by experement me finde dat de heart of de man; you underſtanda me.

Flo. Yes, yes, the heart of the man.

Ang. Wee wee, de heart of de man being all dry as peppera.

Flo. So ſo.

Ang. And rub upon de ting (vat you call it) ſall make it moulder all to crumble and duſt.

Flo. Oh, oh, a Grater.

Ang. Ee by my tra you ſay vell, rub a de mans dry Art upon de Grater, and drinke de powder in de pot le Vine, by de Gentle-voman, and by gars-blor, ſhe preſentamently kick up de heele at de man ſhe lova. *Flo.* Excellent.

Ang. No point more remembra, but cry out le French poo upon le varlet.

Flo. So ſhee will hate her lover.

Ang. Be-gar, as my ſelfe hate le puz-cat, cry mew at my ſhin; and vill have de rombling a de gut, for de other gentle home.

Flo. Thou com'ſt up cloſe to me now, my brave Doctor.

Ang. Be-gar me hope ſo, and derfore my Lord apply le deſperate

rate Medicine, to le perilous maladie, and have dis *Angelo* be cut in de troate, and be man-slaughtered.

Flo. You then advise me to have *Angelo* slaine.

Ang. Wee.

Flo. And then to have my daughter drincke his heart.

Ang. Wee, wee. *Flo.* Grated and dried, and so——

Ang. Wee, wee, wee.

Flo. I wo'd I grip'd it fast now in this hand,
And eat it panting hot, to teach a peasant
To climbe above his being, Doctor, hee dies.

Ang. Knocka de pate downe be-gar.

Flo. But stay, stay, hee 's fled *Florence*; It will bee
A worke to find him first out, and being found,
A taske to kill him; for our Gallants speake
Much of his worth; The varlet is valiant.

Ang. No matera for dat; for two tree foure crowne, dar be
Rascalls sall run him in on de backe-shide.

Flor. He shall be sought for, and being found, he dies.

Ang. Pray my lor' suffera le Princesse and me for be in private,
Le Doctor uses for toucha doe Ooman——

Flo. Doe, so, whil'st I for *Angeloes* death use speede,
For till I have his heart, mine owne must bleede. *Exit.*

Enter Baptista.

Ang. Oh my *Baptista.*

Bapt. I have heard the thunder aym'd at your life.

Ang. And it will strike me dead,
With a most soddaine and Invisible blowe.

Bapt. Now that you see his vengeance apt to fall,
Flie from it. *Ang.* How?

Bapt. By fayre, and free accesse,
Open your dangers to your Mistris eyes,
Where shee starke mad, so she be mad for love,
You'le bring her to her witts, if wisely now
You put her intoth' way; Gold bar'd with locks,
Is best being stolne; steale her then.

Ang. 'Tis but a wracke at most,
Oh on what boisterous Seas is True love tost! *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Trumpets sounding. Enter *an Vsher bare, perfuming a roome, Signinior Torrenti gorgeously attyred, a company of Gallants.*

Tor. THis Roome smells. 1. *Gal.* It has bin new perfum'd.
Tor. Then 'tis your breeches; stand off--and shines there (say you) a Sun in our horizon full as glorious, as we our selfe? 2. *Gal.* So cry the common people.
Tor. The common people are Rascalls, lying devills,
Dung-hills, whose savor poisons brave mens fames,
That Ape of greatnesse (imitating mee)
I meane that slavish Lord *Iacomo*
Shall die a beggar, If at the yeares end,
His totall of expence dares equall mine;
How is his house built? 1. *Gal.* Admirable faire.
Tor. Faire? Ile guild mine (like *Pompey's* Theater).
All ore to out-shine his; the richest hangings
Persian, or *Turke*, or *Indian* slaves can weave,
Shall from my purse be bought at any rates;
Ile pave my great hall with a floare of Clowdes,
Wherein shall move an artificiall Sunne,
Reflecting round about me, golden beames,
Whose flames shall make the roome seeme all on fire,
And when 'tis night, just as that Sun goes downe,
A silver Moone shall rise, drawne up by starres,
And as that moves, I standing in her Orbe,
Will move with her, and be that man ith' moone,
So mock't in old wives tales; then over head,
A roofe of Woods, and Forests full of Deere,
Trees growing downwards, full of singing quiers,
And this i'le doe that men with prayse, may crowne
My fame, for turning the world upside downe:
And what brave gallants are *Gentilies* guestes?
1. *Gal.* The Lord *Iacomo Gentili* feeds

All

All Beggars at his Table. *Tor.* Hang *Iacomo*,
My boarde shalbe no manger for poore jades
To lick up provinder in. 2. *Gal.* He welcomes souldiers.
Tor. Let souldiors beg and starue, or steale and hange.
Wo'd I had heere ten-thousand Souldiors heads,
Their sculs set all in silver, to drinck healthes
To his confusion, first invented warre,
And the health drunck to drowne the bowles i'th Sea,
That very name of Souldior, makes me shrugg,
And thinck I crawle with vermin; give me Lutes,
Mischiefe on drumms, for souldiors; fetch me whores,
These are mens blisse; those every Kingdomes soares,
Wee gave in charge to search through all the world
For the best Cookes, rarest musitians,
And fairest girles, that will sell sinne for gold.
1. *Gal.* Some of all sorts you have *Tor.* Let me have more
Then the grand Signior, And my change as rare,
Tall, low, and middle size, the browne, and faire;
Ide give a Princes ransome now to kisse
Blacke *Cleopatra's* cheeke; Onely to drinke
A richer perle, then that of *Anthonyes*,
That Fame (where his name stands) might put downe mine.
Oh that my Mother had bin *Paris* Whore,
And I had liv'd to see a *Troy* on fire,
So that by that brave light, I might have danc'd
But one Lavalto with my Curtezan.

Enter fourth Gallant.

4. *Gal.* Patterne of all perfection breath'd in man,
There's one without, before your Excellence
Desires accesse. *Tor.* What creature?
4. *Gal.* Your owne brother,
At least hee termes himselfe so.
Tor. Is he brave? 4. *Gal.* Hee's new come from Sea.
Tor. 'Tis true, that *Iason*
Rig'd out a Fleete to fetch the Golden-Fleece;
'Tis a brave boy, all Elementall fire,
His shipps are great with Child of *Turkish* Treasure,
And heere shall be delivered; marshall him in

Like the seas proud commander give our charge——
Omnes. Sound drums, and trumpets, for my Lord away.
Vsher him in Bare and ragged. At which Torrenti starts, his hat falls off, offer it him.
Torr. Thou whorson pesant, know me, burne that wind-fall,
It comes not to my head that drops so low,——— Another
1. *Gall.* Hatts for my Lord,——— *Hatt's brought in 3. or 4.*
Torr. It smells of earth, stood it againe so high,
My head would on a dung-hill seeme to lie.
How now? what scar-crow's this?
Broth. Scar-crow? thy brother,
His bloud cleare as thine owne, but that it smoakes not,
With perfum'd fiers as thine doth.
Torr. Has the poore snake, a sting; can he hisse?
What beggs the rogue for? *Broth.* Vengeance
From the just thunderer to throw *Lucifer* downe;
How high so ever thou reareſt thy Babell-browes,
To thy confusion I this language speake:
I am thy fathers sonne.
Torr. Ha, ha, the Skipper raves.
Broth. The aw'd Venetian on St. *Markes* proud-day,
Never went forth to marry the rich-sea,
With casting in her lapp a ring of gold;
In greater bravery then my selfe did freight,
A fleete of gallant youthfull *Florentines*,
All vow'd to rescew *Rhodes*, from Turkish-slavery:
We went and waded up in our owne bloods,
Till most of us were drown'd.
Torr. Faire riddance on you.
Broth. Where such a Peacock durst not spread his plumes;
We fought and those that fell left Monuments
Of unmatch't valour to the whole race of man,
They that were ta'ne, (mongst whom my selfe was chiefe)
Were three yeeres chain'd up to the tugging o're,
See here the relicts of that misery, *Chainas.*
If thou wu'd'st know more, reade it on my backe,
Printed with the Bulls-peezele. *Torr.* Hang the dogge.

What

What telleſt thou me of Peezeles?
Broth. 'Tis thy brother tells thee ſo, note me.
Torr. I know thee not;
Set maſtives on him, worry him from my gates.
Broth. The firſt unhappy breath I drew, mov'd heere,
And here I'le ſpend my laſt, e're brav'd from hence,
Heere I'le have meate and cloaths.
Torr. Kick the curre out. *Bro.* Who dares?
Take from that ſumpter-horſes backe of thine,
Some of thoſe gaudie trappings to cloathe mine,
And keepe it from the keene aire, fetch me food,
You fawning ſpaniells.
1. *Gall.* Some ſpirit of the buttery.
2. *Gall.* It ſhould be by his hunger. *Broth.* I am ſtarv'd,
Thirſty, and pinde to th'bare bones, heere, I'le eate at thine
Owne ſcorneful board, on thine owne meate, or teare it from
Thy throate as 'tis chewing downe.
Torr. I'le try that; if my dinner be prepared,
Serue me in my great ſtate along'ſt this way,
And as you paſſe, two there with piſtolls ſtand
To kill that ravenous Vulture; if he dare thruſt his tallents
Forth to make one diſh his prey. *(Exeunt all.*
Broth. Now view my face, and tho' perhaps you ſham'd
To owne ſo poore a brother, let not my heart-ſtrings,
In ſunder cracke, if we now being lone,
You ſtill diſdaine me. *Torr.* Wretch I know thee not,
And loath thy ſight.
Broth. Slave, thou ſhalt know me then;
I'le beate thy braines out with my Gally-chaine.
Torr. Wilt murther thine owne brother?
Broth. Pride doth it ſelfe confound,
What with both hands the Devill ſtrove to have bound,
Heaven with one little finger hath untyed,
This proves that thou maieſt fall, becauſe one blaſt
Shakes thee already, feare not, I'le not take
The whip out of your hand and tho' thou break'ſt
Lawes of humanitie, and brother-hood;
I'le not doe ſoe, but as a begger ſhould

(Not

(Not as a brother) knock I at the gate
Of thy hard heart for pitty to come forth,
And looke upon my wretchednes, A ſhot *Kneeles.*
Toore to the keele that gally where I row'd;
Sunke her, the men ſlaine, I by dyving ſcaped,
And ſat three leagues upon a broken-maſt,
Waſh't with the ſalt teares of the Sea, which wept,
In pitty, to behold my miſery.

Torr. Pox on your, tarry miſery.

Broth. And when heavens bleſt-hand hal'de me to a ſhoore
To dry my wet-limbes, was I forc'd to fire,
A dead-mans ſtraw-bed throwne into the ſtreete.

Torr. Foh, th'art infectious.

Broth. Oh remember this!
He that does good deeds, here waits at a Table,
Where Angells are his fellow ſervitours.

Torr. I am no Robbin-red-breaſt to bring ſtrawes
To cover ſuch a coarſe.

Broth. Thou art turn'd devill, *Kizes.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter an arm'd ſewer, after him a company with covered diſhes: Coronets on their heads. Two With piſtolls to guard it.

Torr. Where's thy great ſtomack, eat, ſtand, let him chooſe
What diſh he likes.——ſnatches a piſtoll: all flye off.

Broth. This then which I'le carve up
On thy baſe boſome, ſee thou Tryviall foole,
Thou art a Tyrant (o're me) of ſhort reigne,
This cock out crow's thee, and thy petty kings,
Th'art a proud-bird, but flieſt with rotten wings;
To ſhew how little for thy ſcorne I care,
See my revenge turn's all to idle-aire, *Shootes up.*
It upward flies and will from thence I feare
Shoote darts of lightning to confound thee heere.
Farewell thou huge *Leviathan*, when th'aſt drunk dry;
That Sea thou rowl'ſt in, on ſome baſe ſhore dye.

Enter Gallants all drawne.

Omnes. Where is the Traitor?

Tor. Now the houſe is fiered,

You

Torr. You come to caſt on waters; barre up my doores,
But one ſuch tattered enſigne here being ſpread,
Drawes numbers hither, here muſt no rogues be fed;
Command my carpenters invent od engines.
To manacle baſe beggers, hands and feete,
And by my name call'em my whipping poſts;
If you ſpye any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, like to a furies,
(Able to fright) to ſuch I'le give large pay,
To watch and ward for poore ſnakes night and day,
And whip'em ſoundly if they approch my gates;
The poore are but the earths-dung fit to lie
Cover'd on muck-heapes not to offend the eye. *Enter* 1. *Gall.*
1. *Gall.* Two Gentlemen ſent from the *Florence* Duke,
Require ſpeech with your Lord-ſhip——
Torr. Give'm entrance *Enter Mutio, Philippo,*
What re you? and whence come you?
Mut. From the Duke. *Tor.* Your buſineſſe?
Mut. This, fame ſounding forth your worth
For hoſpitable princely houſe-keeping;
Our Duke drawne by the wonder of report,
Invites himſelfe (by us) to be your gueſt.
Tor. The honour of Embaſſadors be yours;
Say to the Duke that *Ceſar* never came,
More welcome to the Capitoll of *Rome*,
Then he to us——healthes to him——fill rich wines.
Mut. You have this wonder wrought, now rare to men;
By you they have found the golden age again.
Tor. Which I'le uphold, ſo long as there's a ſunne,
To play the *Alchymiſt*.
Phil. This proud fellow talkes
As if he graſped the Indies in each hand.
Torr. Health to your Duke. *Amb.* We pledge it on our knees.
Tor. I'le ſtand to what I do, but kneele to none.
Muſicke drinck, breake the glaſſe, they pledge it in plate,
Which offering, both ſervitours refuſe to take.
Tor. Breake not our cuſtome (pray ye) with one beame;
The god of mettailes makes both gold and wine

To Imitate whose greatnesse; If on you
I can bestow Wine, I can give gold too,
Take them as free as *Bacchus* spends his blood,
And in them drinke our health. *Mut.* Your bounty farre
Exceeds that of our *Cæsars.*

Tor. Cæsar ero, vel nihil ero:
What are Gold heapes? but a rich dust for Kings
To scatter with their breath, as chaffe by winde?
Let him then that hath gold, beare a Kings minde,
And give till his arme akes, who bravely powres
But into a wenches lap his golden showres,
May be *Ioves* equall, oh but hee that spends
A world of wealth, makes a whole world his debter,
And such a Noble spender is *Ioves* better;
That man Ile be, I'me *Alexanders* heire
To one part of his minde, I wish there were
Ten Worlds, yet not to conquer, but to sell
For Alpine hills of silver, And that I
Might at one feast, spend all that treasure drie;
Who hoards up wealth, is base; who spends it, brave.
Earth breeds gold, so I tread but on my slave.
Beare backe our gratulations to your Duke. *Exit.*

Amb. Wee shall great sir.

Mut. Torrents call you him; 'tis a prowd rough streame.

Phil. Hee's of the *Romane* Family, indeede.

Mut. Lord *Vanni*? rather my Lord *Vanitie.*

Phil. And heapes of money sure have strucke him mad.

Mut. Hee'le soone pick up his witts, let him but bleede
Thus many ownces at one time; All day
Could I drinke these deare healthes, yet nere be drunke.

Phil. And carry it away most cleanely.

Mut. Not a pin the worse;
What might his father leave him? *Phil.* A great estate,
Of some 300000 Crownes a yeare.

Mut. Strange hee's not begg'd, for fooles are now growne deare;
An admirable Cocks-combe! (

Phi. Let wonder passe,
Hee's both a brave Lord, and a golden Asse. *Exit.*

A *Bed*

A Bed discovered, Fyametta upon it. Enter two Dukes, Piero, Gallants, Nurse, Ladies, Angelo, Baptista, ut antea Fyametta.

Ang. I pray you hush all, a little hush, le faire Lady by her owne volunter disposition, has take a ting dat is of such a grand operation, it shall make a de stone for slepe.

Flo. What, Noble Doctor, is the name of it?

Ang. Tis not your scurvie English *Poppy*, nor *Mandragon*, nor a ting so danger as *Oppium*, but tis de brave ting a de vorld, for knock a de braine asleepe.

Pisa. I am glad shee takes this rest.

Ang. Peace, be gor it is snore and snore, two mile long; now if your grace vill please for procure Musick, be restore as brave as de fish.

Flo. Call for the Musicke.

Ang. Make a no noise, but bring in de Fidlers, and play sweet--

Nico. Oh out upon this Doctor; hang him, does he thinke to cure dejected Ladies with Fidlers----

Ang. De grand French poo stopa de troate, pray void le Shambera.

Flo. All, all part softly; peace Nurse, let her sleepe.

Nurs. I, I, go out of her prospect, for shee's not to bee cur'd with a song. *Exit.*

Ang. Baptista, see the doore fast, watch that narrowly.

Bapt. For one friend to keepe doore for another, is the office now amongst gallants, common as the Law; Ile bee your porter Sir.

Ang. Shee does but slumber, *Fiametta*, Love.

Fia. The *Pisan* Prince comes daggers at my heart.

Ang. Looke up, I am not hee, but *Angelo*?

Fia. Ha! who names *Angelo*?

Ang. Angelo himselfe,
Who with one foote treads on the throat of death,
Whilst t'other stepps to embrace thee, this ith' shape
Of a French Doctor.

Fya. Oh my life, my soule.

Ang. Heare me!

Fya. Ime now not sicke, Ile have no Phisicke,
But what thy selfe shall give mee.

Ang. Let not Ioy confound our happineſſe, I am but dead,
If it be knowne I am heere.

Fya. Thou ſhalt not hence.

Ang. Be wiſe deare heart; ſee here the beſt of men,
Faithfull *Baptiſta*——— *Fya.* Oh, I love *Baptiſta*,
Cauſe he loves thee; But my *Angelo* I love bove kings.

Bapt. Madam you'le ſpoile,
Vnleſſe you joyne with us in the ſafe plot
Of our eſcape.

Ang. Sweete *Fyametta* heare me,
For you ſhall hence with us. *Fya.* Over ten worlds,
But Ile not hence; my *Angelo* ſhall not hence,
True love, like gold, is beſt being tried in fire;
Ile defie Father, and a thouſand deaths—— for thee——

Ang. Vndone, vndone. *Knock within.*

Bapt. At the Court gate,
I ſee a lebbit already, to hang's both;
Death! the Duke beates at the doore.

Fya. He ſhall come in; *Enter Omnes.*
One frowne at thee, my Tragedie ſhall begin;
See Father——

Flo. I told you that I heard ——her tongue ——

Fya. See Father. *Flo.* What ſweete girle?

Fya. That's *Angelo*, and you ſhall pardon him.

Flo. With all my heart.

Fya. Hee ſayes hee pardons thee with all his heart.

Ang. Mee Lor, be all mad, le braine crowe, and run whirabout like de windmill faile; pardona moy, por quoy my ſweete Madam, pardon your povera Doctor.

Fya. Becauſe thou art my baniſh't *Angelo*.

Flo. Starke mad. *Piſa.* This her recoverie?

Fya. Hee is no Doctor,
Nor that his man, but his deare friend *Baptiſta*;
Has black't his beard like a Comedian
To play the Mountibanke; away, Ile marry
None but that Doctor, and leave *Angelo*.

Ang. I doe pray Artely, Madam.

Fya. Leave off thy gibberiſhe, and I prethee ſpeake

Thy

Thy Native language.

Ang. Par-ma-foy all French be-gor ſhee be mad as the moone.

Flo. Sweet girle, with gentle hands ſir, take her hence.

Fya. Stand from mee, I muſt follow *Angelo.*

Piſa. Thine eyes drinke ſleepe from the ſweet god of reſt.

Fya. Oh, you ſhoote poyſon'd arrowes thorow my breaſt.

Manent Florence, Angelo, Baptiſta.

Flo. What ſtrange new furie now poſſeſſeth her?

Ang. Begar her Imaginaſhon be out a de vitts, and ſo dazell de two nyes, and come downe ſo into de bellie, and poſſibla for make her tinke mee or you to be le ſhentle-man ſhee lovea, and ſo ſhee takea my man for a Iack-a-nape, mee know not who.

Bapt. For one *Baptiſta.*

Ang. Povera garſhon a my trat.

Flo. I doe beleeve you both, but honeſt Doctor,
Straine all thy Art, and ſo thou leave her well,
I care not if you call up feinds from hell.

Ang. Dar be too much devill in de body all ready be my trat my Lor, mee no ſtay heere for ten hundred hundred Coronaes, ſhe cry upon mee 'tis Maſter *Angelo*, you tink ſo not one and two time, but a tyrd time, you ſmella me out; And ſo cutta my troate; adue my Lor.

Flo. Still your opinion holds to kill that villaine,
And give her his heart dried.

Ang. In de pot a vine, wee, very fine.

Flo. This gold take for thy paines to make her ſownde,
There needs a deſperate cure to a deſperate wounde. *Exit.*

Ang. How blowes it now?

Bapt. Faire, with a proſperous gale.

Ang. Poore love, thou ſtill art ſtrucke with thine owne fate;
My life hangs at a thred, friend I muſt flie.

Bapt. How, to be ſafe?

Ang. I will take ſanctuary,
I know a reverend Fryar, in whoſe cell
Ile lurke till ſtormes blow ore; If women knew
What men feele for them, None their ſcornes ſhould rue.

Enter Tibaldo in Womans attire, Alphonſina.

Alph. Is't come to this, have the walls of the Caſtle beene beſie-

ged thus long, lien open for a breach; and dare you not
Give fier to once piece? oh y'ar a proper soldyor, good
Sister, brother follow your game more close, or i'le leave you.

Tib. What wu'd you have me doe?

Alp. Why I would ha' you (tho' you be in womans apparrell) to be your selfe a man, and do what you come for.

Tib. I have bin giving her a thousand on setts,
And still a blushing cheeke makes me retire;
I speake not three words, but my tongue is ready
To aske forgivenes of her.

Alp. Must thou needs at thy first encounter tell her thou art a man, why when you walke together, cannot you begin a tale to her, with once upon a time, there was a loving couple that having tyred themselves with walking, sat downe upon a banck, and kist, and embraced, and plaid, and so by degrees bring the tale about to your owne purpose. Can you not? fie, you are the worst at these things Sir. *Tib.* I am sister indeed.

Alp. And the more foole you indeed: you see how the old stinking fox her husband is still rubbing me as if I had the palsy, Ile not have his wither'd hands (which are as moist as the side of stock-fish) lye pidling in my bosome, therefore determine some thing, or farewell. *Tib.* I have deare sister, if you will but heare me.

Alp. Come on, out with't then.

Tib. Give you the old man promise of your love,
And the next night appoint him for your bed;
Rap'd with joy, he'le feigne businesse of state,
To leave his lady, and to lie alone, *Alp.* Very good.

Tib. Then my request shall be, that for that night
She would accept me for her bed-fellow,
And there's no question sister of the grant;
Which being Injoy'd I doubt not but to manage
And carry all so even on levill ground,
That my offence shall in my love seeme drownde.

Alp. The clocke for your businesse thus far goes true, but now for me, what shall I do with the old cock in my Roost?

Tib. Sister, you have some tricke (no doubt) to keepe
Him within compasse.

Alp. No not I, beleeve me, I know not what to doe with him, unlesse

unleſſe I ſhould give him a little *Nux vomica*, to make him ſleep
away the night, but brother, to pleaſure you, Ile venter a joynte,
and yet it troubles me too, that I ſhould prove a Traytor to my
ſex, I doe betray an Innocent Lady, to what ill I know not.
But Love the author of it wil I hope
Turne it quite otherwiſe, and perhaps it may be.
So welcome to her as a courteſie.

Tib. I doubt not but it ſhall. *Alp.* We nothing can,
Vnleſſe man woman helpe, and woman man. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Trumpets ſounding. Enter Torrenti very brave, betweene the two Dukes, attended by all the Courtiers, wondring at his coſtly habit. Enter a maſk, women in ſtrang habitts, Dance. Exit. He gives jewells, and ropes of pearle to the Dukes, and a chaine of gold to every Courtier. Exit. Nicholetto and he ſtay.

Tor. THou art my noble kinſman, and but thy mother
(Vpon my ſoule) was chaſt I ſhould beleeve
Some Emperor begot thee, *Tor.* Why pray Vncle?
Nico. Suppoſe all kingdomes on the earth were balls,
And that thou held'ſt a racket in thy hand,
To toſſe 'em as thou wu'ld'ſt, how wo'ldſt thou play?
Tor. Why? as with balls, bandy 'em quite away.
Nico. A tennes-court of kings could do no more;
But faith what doeſt thou thinke, that I now think,
Of thy this daysexpence? *Torr.* That it was brave.
Nico. I thinke thee a proud vaine-glorious bragging knaue,
That golden wombe thy father left ſo full, thou
Vulture-like eat'ſt thorough: oh heeres trimſt ruffe,
A good-mans ſtate, in Gartyres, ſtrings and ruffe;
Haſt not a ſaffron ſhirt on too? I feare th'art
Troubled with the greene-ſickneſs, thou look'ſt wan.
Tor. With anger at thy ſnarling muſt my hoaſe
Match your old greaſy cod-piece?
Nico. No, but I'de have thee live in compaſſe.
Tor. Foole, I'le be
As the ſun in the Zodiack; I am he

That

That wood take Phaetons fall, tho'I set fire
On the whole world to be heavens charioteire,
(As he was) but one day.
Nico. Vaine riotous cockscombe,
Tha'st fier'd to much already, Parkes, Forrests, chases,
Have no part left of them, but names and places;
'Tis voic'd abroad thy lands are all at pawne.
Tor. They are, what then?
Nico. And that the mony went to
Entertaine the Popes great Nuntio,
On whom you spent the ransome of a king.
Tor. You lye. *Nico.* I thanke you Sr, *Tor.* Say all this true
That I spent millions, what's that to you.
Were there for every day i'th'yeare a Pope,
For every houre i'th'yeare a Cardinall;
I'd melt both Indies, but I'de feast'em all.
Nico. And leave your Curtezans bare, that leaving bare,
Will one day leave thee naked, one nights waking;
With a fresh-whore, cost thee 4000. duckets;
Else the bawd lies. *Tor.* Wert thou not mine uncle
I'de send thee with thy frozen-beard where furies
Should singe it off with fire-brands, touching
Wenching, that art thy selfe an old rotten whore-master.
Nico. I a whore-master?
To shew how much I hate it, harke, when next thy tomblers
Come to dance upon the ropes,
Play this jigg to'em.
Tor. Goe, goe, idle droane,
Thou envi'st bees with stings, because thine is gone,
Plate, jewells, revenues all shall flie.
Nico. They shall.
Tor. And then Sir I'le turne pickled theefe, a Pirate,
For as I to feed Rayot, a world did crave,
So nothing but the sea shall be my grave,
Meane time that circle few began I've runne, tho' the
Devill stand i'th'Center.
Nico. What's that circle?
Torr. The vanitie of all man-kinde be mine,

in

In me all prodigalls looſenes freſh ſhall flowe,
Wine, harlots, ſurfetts, rich embroidered cloaths,
Faſhions, all ſenſuall ſins, all new coin'd oathes,
Shall feed me, fill me; Ile feaſt every ſence,
Nought ſhall become me ill, but innocence. *Exit.*

Nico. I hope a wallet hanging at thy backe,
Who ſpends all young, ere age comes, all will lacke. *Exit.*

Enter an Apothecary, give a ſerving-man gold, Iacomo, Servants in blew-coats: Stew. Broker, Goldſmith, Torrenti's Brother, a Trumpet.

Gent. What ſounds this trumpet for? *Omnes.* Dinner my Lord,

Gent. To feaſt whome this day are my tables ſpread?

St. For ſea-men, wrack't, aged, or ſicke, or lame,
And the late ranſom'd captives from the Turke.

Gent. Cheere them with harty welcomes in my name,
Attend them as great Lords, let no man dare,
To ſend 'em ſad hence, bounty ſhall be plac'd
At the boards upper end; For Marriners
Are clocks of danger that do ne're ſtand ſtill,
Their dialls-hand ere points to'th ſtroke of death,
And (albeit ſeldome windleſſe) looſe their breath;
I love 'em, for they eat the deareſt bread,
That life can buy, when the elements make warrs;
Water and aire, they are ſav'd by their good ſtarrs.
And for the gally-ſlaves, make much of thoſe, love that man
Who ſuffers onely for being chriſtian; What ſuiters waite?

St. Come neere, one at once, keep back pray.

Bro. A ſorry man, a very ſorry man. *Gen.* What makes thee ſorry?

Brok. All I had is burnt, and that which touches me to the quick, a boxe of my ſweete evidence my Lord.

Gent. Show me ſome proofe of this.

Brok. Alas too good proofe, all burnt, nor ſtick, nor ſtone, left.

Gent. What wo'dſt have me doe?

Brok. Beſtow but a bare 100.l. on me, to ſet me up.

Gent. Steward deliver him a 100.l. *Brok.* Now all the——

Gent. Nay kneele not Sir, but heare me. *Brok.* Oh my hony Lord!

Gent. Faces are ſpeaking pictures, thine's a booke,
Which if the leaſe be truly printed ſhews
A page of cloſe diſſembling. *Brok.* Oh my Lord!

Gent. But say thou art such, yet the monie's thine,
Which I to Charitie give, not to her shrine;
If thou cheat'st me, thou art cheated? how? th'hast got
(Being licorish) rats-bane from a gally-pot,
Taking it for sugar; thou art now my debtor,
I am not hurt, nor thou I feare, much better; farewell.

Enter lame legg'd Souldier.

Soul. Cannons defend me, Gun-powder of hell,
Whom doest thou blow up heere?

Brok. Some honest scullar, row this lame dog to hanging.

Gent. What noise is that? *Stew.* My Lord calls to you.

Soul. Was there ever call'd
A devill by name from hell? then this is one.

Gent. My friend, what is hee? *Soul.* A Citie pestilence,
A moath that eates up gownes, doublets and hose,
One that with Bills, leades smocks and shirts together
To linnen close adultery, and upon them
Strowes lavender, so strongly, that the owners
Dare never smell them after; hee 's a broaker.

Gent. Suppose all this, what hurt hath hee done thee?

Soul. More then my limbs losse; in one weeke he eate
My wife up, and three children, this christian Iew did;
Ha's a long lane of hellish Tenements,
Built all with pawnes. *Gen.* All that he had is burnt.

Soul. He keepes a whore indeede, this is the Raven,
Cryed knocke before you call, he may be fir'd,
His lowsie wardropes are not; to this hell-hound
I pawn'd my weapons to buy browne bread
To feede my brats and me; (they forfited)
Twice so much as his money him I gave,
To have my Armes redeem'd, the griping slave
Swore (not to save my soule) vnlesse that I
Laid downe my stumpe heere, for the Interest,
And so hop home. *Gent.* Vnheard of villaine!
Broker, is this true? *Brok.* 'Twere sinne my Lord, to lie.

Gent. Souldier, what is't thou now crau'st at my hands?

Soul. This my Pitition was, which now I teare,
My suite here was, When the next place did fall,

To

To be a Beadef-man in your Hofpitall:
But now I come moft pitioufly complaining
Againft this three-pile rafcall, widowes decayer,
The Orphans beggerer, and the poores betrayer;
Give him the *Ruffian* law for all thefe finnes.
Gent. How? *Soul.* But one hundred blowes on his bare fhins
Br. Come home and take thine Arms. *So.* Ile have thofe leggs
Gent. Broaker, my foule foreſaw goods thus ill got,
Would as ill thrive, you ask'd a hundred pound,
'Tis yours; but crafty Broaker, you plaid the knave
To begg, not needing. This man now muft have
His requeft too, 'tis honeft, faire, and juft,
Take hence that varlet therefore, and on his fhinnes,
In ready payment, give him an hundred blowes.
Kroak. My Lord, my pitifull Lord.
Soul. I muft beftirre my ſtumps too. Iuſtice; my Lord.
Gent. I will not ravill out time; Broaker, I offer you
A hundred for a hundred. *Soul.* That's his owne uſury.
Gent. A hundred pound, or elfe a hundred blowes,
Give him that money, he fhall releafe you thofe.
Brok. Take it, and may'ſt thou rot with't. *Exit.*
Soul. Follow thee thy curfe,
Wo'd blowes might make all Broakers ſtill disburſe.
Gent. What next? *Serv.* The Party ſir: *Gent.* What party ſir?
If honeſt, ſpeake, I love no whiſperer.
Serv. This Gentleman is a great ſhuter.
Gent. In a Long-bow? how farre ſhootes hee?
Serv. To your Lordſhip, to be your Apothecary.
Gent. Vmph; what ſpie you in my face, that I ſho'd buy
Your druggs and drenches? beares not my cheeke a colour
As freſh as any old mans? doe my bones
Ake with youth's ryotts? or my blood boile hot
With feavers? or is't num'd with dropſies, cold
Coughes, Rhumes, Catarrhes, Gowts, Apoplexie fits?
The common Ioares of age, on me never ran,
Nor Galeniſt, nor Paracelſian,
Shall ere reade Phiſicall Lecture upon me.
Apot. Two excellent fellowes my Lord.

Gent.

Gent. I honour their profession,
What the Creator does, they in part doe,
For a Phisician's a man-maker too,——but honest friend,
My kitchin is my Doctor, and my Garden,
Trustie Apothecarie; when they give me pills,
So gently worke they, I'me not choak'd with bills,
Which are a stronger purge then the disease.

Apo. Alas my Lord, and 'twere not for bills, our shops wo'd (downe.

Gent. Sir, I beleeve you, bills nor pills Ile take;
I stand on sicknes shoare, and see men tost
From one disease to another, at last lost;
But to such seas of surfetts, where they're drown'd,
I never ventering, am ever sound.

Apo. Ever sound my Lord? if all our gallants sho'd bee so, Doctors, Pothecaries, and Barber-surgeons, might feed upon Onyons and Butter-milke; ever sound! a brave world then.

Gent. 'Tis their owne fault, if they feare springs or falls,
Wine-glasses fill'd too fast, make urynalls;
Man was at first borne sound, and hee growes ill
Seldome by course of nature, but by will——
Distempers are not ours, there should be then
(Were wee our selues) no Phisicke, men to men
Are both diseases cause, and the disease;
I'me free from (thankes good fate) either of these.

Apo. My 50. Crownes. *Ser.* Not I.

Apo. No, must I give you a Glister? *Ser.* Hist, hist.

Apo. If your Lordship will not allow me minister to your selfe, pray let me give your man a purgation.

Ser. Me a Purgation? my Lord, I'me passing well.

Gent. Him a Purge, why?

Apo. Or rather a vomit, that hee may cast up 50 Crownes——
Which he swallowed as a Bribe to preferre me.

Gent. My health is bought and sold sir then by you,
A Doctor baits you next, whose mesh of potions
Striking me full of vlcers, a gibberish Surgion,
For 50. Crownes more, comes to drawe my will,
For mony, slaves their Soveraignes thus kill;
Nay, nay, so got, so keepe it; for his Fifty,

Give

Give him a 100. Crownes, becauſe his will
Aym'd at my health I know, and not at ill:
Fare you well ſir. *Apo.* Who payes mee ſir?
Ser. Follow me, I ſir. *Exit Ser. & Apothe.* *Enter Gold-ſmith.*
Gold. The fellow, my Lord, is faſt. *Gent.* What fellow ſir?
Gold. The thiefe that ſtole this Iewell from your honour,
Hee came unto my ſtall my Lord.
Gent. So. *Gold.* And ask'd mee
Not the fourth part in money it was worth,
And ſo ſmelling him out. *Gent.* You did.
Gold. I did ſir,
Smell him out preſently, and under hand
Sent for a Conſtable, examined him,
And finding that he is your Stewards man,
Committed him toth' Iale.
Gent. What money had hee upon this Iewell of you?
Gold. None my good Lord, after I heard it yours.
Gent. Elſe you had bought it,
And beene the thiefes receiver, y'ar a varlet,
Go to, a ſawcie knave; if I want money,
And ſend my ſervants ſervant (cauſe the world
Shall not take notice of it) to pawne, or ſell
Iewells, or Plate, tho' I looſe halfe in halfe,
Muſt you ſir, play the Marſhall, and commit him,
As if he were a rogue; goe and releaſe him,
Send him home preſently, and pay his fees, doe you ſee ſir.
Gold. My Lord, I do ſee. *Gent.* Leaſt by the Innocent fellow,
I lay you faſt byth' heeles, doe this y'are beſt;
You may be gone.
Gold. Heere's a moſt excellent jeaſt. *Exit.* *Enter Steward.*
Gent. Harke you, the Duke of *Florence* ſent me once
A Iewell, have ye 'it? For you laid it up.
Ste. My Lord, I have it. *Gent.* Are you ſure you have it?
Why change you colour? Know you this? doe you know
Your man, you ſent to ſell it? You belike
Thought in my memory it had beene dead,
And ſo your honeſty too came buried,
'Tis well, out of mine eye; what wo'd you with mee?

Enter Brother, to Torrenti.

Broth. Your pitty on a wretch late wrackt at sea,
Beaten a shore by penury, 3. yeares a Turkish
Gally-slave. *Gent.* Your birth?
Broth. Such Sir,
As I dare write my selfe a gentlema,
In *Florence* stood my cradle, my house great,
In mony, not in mercy; I am poore,
And dare not with the begger passe their doore.
Gent. Name them, they shalbe forc't to thy relieſe.
To steale compassion from them like a thiefe,
Good my Lord pardon me, under your noble wing,
I had rather sit, then on the highest tree sing,
That shadowes their gay buildings..
Gent. Young man I doe commend thee, where's my steward?
Give me thy hand, I entertaine thee mine,
Make perfect your accounts, and see the books deliver'd
To this Gentleman. *St.* This poore rogue Sir?
Gent. Thou art a villaine, so to tearme the man,
Whom I to liking take; Sir I discharge you;
I regard no mans out-side, 'tis the lineings
Which I take care for.
St. Not if you knew how louzie they were
Gent. Cast not thy scorne upon him, prove thou but just,
Ile raise the Cedars spring out first from dust. *Exit.*
Enter Nicolletto, Darsene. Alphons. Alisandra, Tibalde, Cargo.
Nic. Madam this night I have received from court,
A booke of deepe import, which I must reade,
And for that purpose will I lie alone.
Dar. Be Mr. of your owne content my Lord,
Ile change you for some semall bed-fellow.
Nic. With all my heart. *Tib.* Pray madam then take me.
Nic. Doe prethee wife. *Dar.* And Sr. she is most welcome.
Nic. Wo'ld I were at it, for it is a booke,
My fingers itch till I be turning o're;
Good rest faire *Alphonsina* you'le not faile.
Alp. No, feare me not. *Nic.* All all to bed, to bed.
Alp. Mine eyes are full of sleep; Ile follow you. *Exit.*

Dar

Dar. I to my closet, and then bed-fellow
Expect your company *Tibal.* I will be for your Lady.
Aless. Madam so please you forfeit to my mother,
And let your selfe and I be bed-fellowes.
Tib. Deare heart I humbly thanke you, but I must not.
Aless. Lady I rather wish your company,
Because I know one maiden best conceales,
What's bosom'd in another: but Ile waite
With patience a time fitting. *Tib.* Worthy Lady,
This time is yours and mine. *Aless.* Thus I begin then,
And if I cannot woe reliefe from you,
Let me at least win pitty, I have fixt
Mine eye upon your brother; whom I never
But once beheld here in this house, yet wish
That he beheld me now and heard me;
You are so like your brother, that me thinkes I speake to him,
And that provokes a blush to assaile my cheeke;
He smiles like you, his eyes like you; pray Lady
Where is the gentleman? 't was for his sake
I would have lien with you, wo'd it were as lawfull to fellow
nights with him. *Tib.* Troth I do wish it.
Aless. And if in this you inrich me with your counsell, Ile
Be a gratefull taker. *Tib.* Sure my brother
Is blest in your affection, and shall have
Good time to understand so.
Dar, Alesandra within. *Aless.* Madam.
Dar. A word, come quickly. *Exit.*
Tib. O ye heavens! how strangely one houre works upon an
other. It was but now heart-sick, and long'd for meat,
Which being set before me I abhorre.
Alp. Brother. *Enter Alphonsina.*
Tib. What frights you thus from your chamber?
Alp. Such a fury as thou. *Tib.* How now? hast lost thy witts?
Alp. Ile sweare thou hast, for thou hast candied
Thy sweete but poysonous language to dishonour
Me thy most wretched sister, who no better then a vile
Instrument to thy desires, deserves to be stil'd,
Baud, worse then the bauds.

Who

Who every day i'th'weeke ſhake hands with hell.
Tib. Ha'patience deareſt ſiſter; I proteſt,
By all the graces that become a man,
I have not wrong'd *Dariene* nor her Lord.
Alp. Thou ſhalt not then by heaven.
Tib. By all goodnes, not
With a well bluſh diſcourſe faire *Aliſſandra*
Suppoſing me your ſiſter hath diſcover'd
The true pangs of her fancy towards *Tibaldo*,
And in it crav'd my aide, which heard, Even then,
My Brutiſh purpoſe broke its neck, and I
Will proue the daughters husband, that came hither,
A traytour to the Mother. *Alp.* My noble brother,
Our doings are alike, for by *Trebatio*
(Whome I with honour name) his fathers foulenes ſhall be
Cut off and croſt. *Tib.* Get to your chamber;
No longer will I play the womans part,
This night ſhall change my habit with my heart. *Exit.*

Enter Nicoletti with a light.

Nichol. In this chamber ſhe lies, and that's her window, wo'd I were in: the aire bites, but the bit that I ſhall bite anon ſharpens my ſtomack, the watch-word is a cornet, (*Cornet within*) it ſpeakes, ſhe bids me come without a light, and reaſon, ſhes light enough her ſelfe; wincke thou one-eyed baud, be thou an embleme of thy Mr. and burne in ſecret. *Enter Alphonſina, above.*
Alp. My Lord.
Nic. What ſayes my moſt moiſt-handed ſweete Lady.
Alp. Who is there with you?
Nico. No chriſtian creature, I enter *ſolus*.
Alp. I feare I muſt entreate you to ſtay a little.
Nic. As long as thou deſir'ſt, but will't come downe?
Alp. I would be loth to looſe all upon reſt,
Nic. Shall I mount then?
Alp. For mine honour being once crack't.
Nic. Crack a pudding: Ile not meddle with thine honour.
Alp. Say you ſhould get me with childe.
Nic. I hope I am not the firſt Lord has got a lady with childe.
Alp. Is the night huſh't?

Alp.

Nic. Ther's nothing ſtirring, the very mice are a ſleepe, as I am noble, Ile deale with thee like a gentleman.

Alp. Ile doe that then, which ſome Citizens will not doe, to ſome Lord. *Nico.* What's that?

Alp. Take your word, I come. *Nico.* Vd's my life!

Alp. What's the matter ſir? *Muſicke within.*

Nico. I heare a lute, and ſure it comes this way.

Alp. My moſt lov'd Lord, ſtep you aſide, I would not have you ſeene for the ſaving of my right hand, preſerve mine honour, as I preſerve your love. *Enter Trebatio with Muſicke.*

Nico. Pox on your Catts guts.

Alp. To an unworthy window, who is thus kind?

Treb. Looke out of it, and 'tis the richeſt caſement
That ever let in Ayre. *Alp.* Trebatio.

Treb. I, my moſt faire Miſtris. *Alp.* Neither of both good ſir;
Pray play upon ſome other, you abuſe mee,
And that which ſeemes worſe, in your fathers houſe.

Nico. Brave girle.

Alp. But you are young enough to be forgiven,
If you will mend hereafter, the night has in it
Vnwholſome foggs, and blaſts; to bed my Lord,
Leaſt they attach your beautie: nothing more,
Ile pay you for your ſong. *Exit.* *Treb.* Are you gone ſo?
Well, you hard-hearted one you ſhall not ever
Be Lady of your ſelfe——away. *Exit.* *Enter Cargo running.*

Car. Oh my Lord, I have ſtood Centinell as you bad me, but I am frighted. *Nico.* With what?

Carg. The Night-mare rides you, my Lady is conjured up.

Nic. Now the devill lay her down, prevented in the very Act.

Carg. She workes by magick, and knowes all. *Enter Dariene.*

Dari. Doe you ſhrinke backe my Lord? you may with ſhame;
Have I tane you napping my Lord?

Nico. But not with the manner my Lady.

Dar. Have you no bird to flie at, but what ſits on your owne ſonnes fiſte? *Nicho.* How! my ſonnes fiſte? (Harlot

Darie. Yes, the Lady whom you wrought to have bin your
Your ſonne has long ſince wonne to be his bride,
Both they and I have this night exerciſ'd

Our witts to mocke your dotage. *Nico.* Am I then gull'd?
Dare. Yes my Lord, and bull'd too, yonders *Tibaldo Neri* come this morning. *Dare.* So early, Is his sister with him?
Car. Not that I saw, but I saw him kisse my yong Mistris, three or foure times, I thinke, 'twere good to aske the banes of Matrimony. *Nico.* Wo't twere no worse, let 's in, and give 'em the mornings Salutation. *Dare.* Ile tell him all.
Nicho. Sweete Lady, seal my pardon with a kisse,
He ne're was borne, that never did amisse. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Florence, Piero, Pisa, Mutio, Tornelli, Philippo.

Pier. SIr, I have found *Angelo* with long and busie search.
Flo. And will he come?
Pier. Your honour (as you charg'd me) I impawn'd
For his safe passage.
Flo. By my life hee shall; when will hee come?
Pie. My friend brings him along.
Flo. Philippo Mutio, goe and perswade our daughter
To walke, and take the ayre.
Pisa. Ile play that Orator. *Exit.*
Flo. Attend the Duke of *Pisa*; prethee *Piero*
Discover where this *Angelo* lay lurking.
Pie. The world he has shut up, and now the booke
He reades, is onely heere, see where he comes.

Enter Angelo as a Fryar, Fyametta.

Flo. Way for my daughter; looke you, there's *Angelo*.
Fya. Ha? yes, 'tis the starre I saile by; hold me not,
Why doe you sticke like rocks, to barre my way,
And utterly to wracke mee? *Flo.* Art thou mad?
Fya. Yes, I am mad, oh my best life, my soule! *Runs to him.*
Ang. Whom seeke you Lady?
Fya. Doe you not know me sir? *Ang.* Yes.
Fia. Doest thou not love mee? *Ang.* Yes.
Fya. At very heart? *Ang.* Yes, at the very soule.
Fya. Burnes not your love,
With that most holy fire, the god of marriage

Kindles

Kindles in man and woman? *Ang.* Noe.
Fia. Ha, no? *Flo.* Hee ſayes no.
Fia. Then ſo, *quod dedi perdidi.*
Ang. How can I love you Lady?
I have clim'd too many of ſuch fruitleſſe trees.
Fia. Have you indeede?
Ang. Yes, and have pull'd the apples.
Fya. Now I beſhrew your fingers.
Ang. And when I touch'd 'em, found 'em turn'd to duſt.
Why ſhould you love me? I have chang'd my pleaſure
In beautious dames, more then I have my dreames,
Foure in one night. *Flo.* Hee'le prove a luſtie Larrence;
This is the ſtarre you ſayle by tho.
Ang Why ſhould you love me? I am but a Tombe,
Gay out-ſide, but within, rotten and foule.
Fia. Ile ſweare th'art moſt diſeaſ'd, even in thy ſoule;
Oh thou, thou moſt perfidious man alive,
So proſper, as my poore ſicke heart doth thrive;
Give me thy hand, I hate thee, fare-thee-well.
Come, I make thee my heaven, wer't once my Hell. *To Piſa.*
Piſa. I'me rap't above the ſpheares, Ioy ſtrikes me dumbe.
Flo. T'h aſt lent unto mine age a ſcore of yeares,
More then ere nature promiſ'd, by thy loving
This Noble Prince; th'art his then?
Fya. His——to prove it; hence
Thou from mee; ne're more behold mine eyes.
Ang. Now finde I, that a Lovers heart laſt dies. *Exit.*
Flo. I, I, ſo, ſo; If it die, it ſhall be buried.
Fya. Good reverend Sir, ſtay you, and as you witneſſe
This my divorce, ſo ſhall you ſeale my contract.
Fryar. I will, your pleaſure. *Flo. Fyametta,*
Make choice thy ſelfe of thine owne wedding day.
Fya. To morrow be it, Loves poyſon is delay,
Gallants, pray ſtirre betimes, and rowſe your Miſtreſſes;
Let ſome invite Lord *Vanni* and his Lady;
Wee dine to day with Lord *Iacomo*,
Thither let's haſten: Sir, this holy man,
Shall be this night my confeſſor; about mid-night,

Expect my sending for you. *Fryer.* Your devotion
Commands my service. W'are least i'th fryers stead.
The Prince be your confessor; girle prepare
To play the bride to morrow, and then being laid,
One night past o're, thinke nere to rise a maide. *Exit.*

Trumpets sounding services carried coverd over the stage, Poore attending Torrenti one, then enter Iacomo bare betwixt the two Dukes, Piero, Philippo, Tornelli, Mutio.

Flo. No more of complement, my Lord *Gentili*;
Such noble welcomes have we had this day,
We must take blushing leaves, cause we can pay
Nothing but thanks.

Gent. That's more then the whole debt comes to,
Ne're saw I tables crown'd with braver store;
I know no man that spends, nay nor gives more,
And yet a full sea still: why yonder fellow,
The brave mock-prodigall has spent all indeed,
He that made beggers proud, begs now himselfe for need.

Gent. But who releeves him now? none, for I know
He that in riotous feasting, wastes his store,
Is like a faire tree which in sommer bore
Boughes laden till they crackt, with leaves and fruite,
Whose plenty lasting, all men came unto 't;
And pluckt and filld their lapps and carry away;
But when the boughes grow bare, and leaves decay:
And the great tree stands sapleſſe, wither'd dry,
Then each one casts on it a scornfull eye,
And grieves to see it stand, nay do not greeve,
Albeit the Axe downe to the roote it cleave;
The fall of such a tree, will I beware,
I know both when to spend, and when to spare.

Flo. 'Tis nobly spoke. *Pisa.* Nay good my Lord make hast.

Pier. Here's a childe lost i'th staying. *Flo.* Get 2. at night for 't.
What is the bride yet dresst? *Pier.* She's rigging Sir.

Flo. 'Tis well. musicke? from whence?
What chambers that? *Mut.* It ioynes close to the
Lodgings of the bride. *Flo.* Inquire.
If she be ready, *Mutio*, say her bride-groome

Attend

Attends on her below.

Mut. I ſhall my Lord. *Fiametta above.*

Pier. Tarry, ſhe looks her ſelfe out. *Flo.* Come, come loiterer;

Fia. Faire welcome to your grace, and to that Prince,
That ſhould have bin my bridegroome.

Flo. Should ha beene? *Pier.* Is the Moone chang'd already?

Fia. In her changes the
Moone is conſtant, man is onely varying,
And never in one Circle long is tarying,
But one man in the moone at once appeares,
Such praiſe (being true to one) a woman beares.

Flo. Take thou that praiſe, and to this Prince be true,
Come downe and marry him. *Fia.* What would the world ſay,
If I ſhould marry two men in one day?

Flo. That villaine has bewitch't her. *Pier.* Sir what villaine?

Flo. That ſlave, the baniſh't runnagate.

Pier. Caſt not on him
Such foule aſperſions, till you know his guilt;
Even now you ſaid he was a worthy ſpirit,
Crown'd him with praiſe, and do you now condemne
An abſent man unheard? *Flo.* Ile hang thee traitor.

Piſa. Locke all the gates of Florence, leaſt he ſcape.

Flo. Our pardon, whoſoever takes and kill him.

Pier. Oh! who would truſt in Princes, the vaine breath,
Who in a minute gives one man life and death?

Fia. Come forth thou threatned man, here kill him all,
Lower then what you ſtand on. none can fall. *Angelo above.*

Ang. I now muſt ſtand your arrowes, but you ſhoote
Againſt a breaſt as innocent——

Flo. As a traytors. *Ang.* Your patience Sir,

Piſa. Talk'ſt thou of patience? that by thy moſt perfidious——

Ang. Heare me pray. *Enter frier above.*
Or if not me, heare then this reverend man.

Piſa. VVhat makes that Fryer there?

Pier. Father ſpeake your minde.

Fryer. I was enjoyned to be her confeſſor,
And came, but then ſhe wonn me to a vow,
By oath of all my orders, face to face,

To heare her ſpeak unto *Angelo*, 'twas done,
He came, when falling downe on both her knees,
Her eyes drown'd all in teares, ſhe opes a booke,
Chardging him read his oaths and promiſes,
The contract of their hands, hearts, yea and ſoules,
And askd if *Angelo* would marry her.

Flo. Very good.

Fry. He looking pale as death, ſaid faintly no.

Piſa. Faintly, he then was willing? *Pier.* Pray heare him out.

Fry. Thrice tried: he thrice cried no; At which this Ladie
Deſperately ſnatching from her ſide two knives,
Had ſtab'd her ſelfe to th'heart; but that we knit
Our force againſt it, what ſhould I doe in this?
Not marry her, or rob her of heavens bliſſe?
Which glory had bin greater to have tane,
A husband from her, or to have ſeene her ſlaine?

Flo. Then you have married her?

Fry. I have. *Pier.* Brave girle.

Piſa. Ile cut that knot aſunder with my ſword.

Fry. The hands which heaven hath joyn'd, no man can part.

Fia. The hands they may, but never ſhall the heart,

Flo. Why didſt thou make to him thy promiſe then?

Fia. Women are borne, but to make fooles of men.
She that's made ſure to him, ſhe loves not well,
Her banes are ask'd here, but ſhe wedds in hell;
Parents that match their children gainſt their will,
Teach them not how to live, but how to kill.

Flo. Parrot, Parrot,
Ile ſtop your prating, breake into her chamber,
And lay the villaine bleeding at her feete. *Draw.*

Fia. Villaine? it is my husband. *Flo.* Enter and kill him.

Pier. Enter, but kill him he that dares, I bluſh
To ſee two Princes ſo degenerate

Fia. Oh noble brother!

Pier. What would you have him doe?
He well deſerves to have her to his wife;
Who gives to you a daughter, her a life,
In ſight of angels ſhe to him was given,

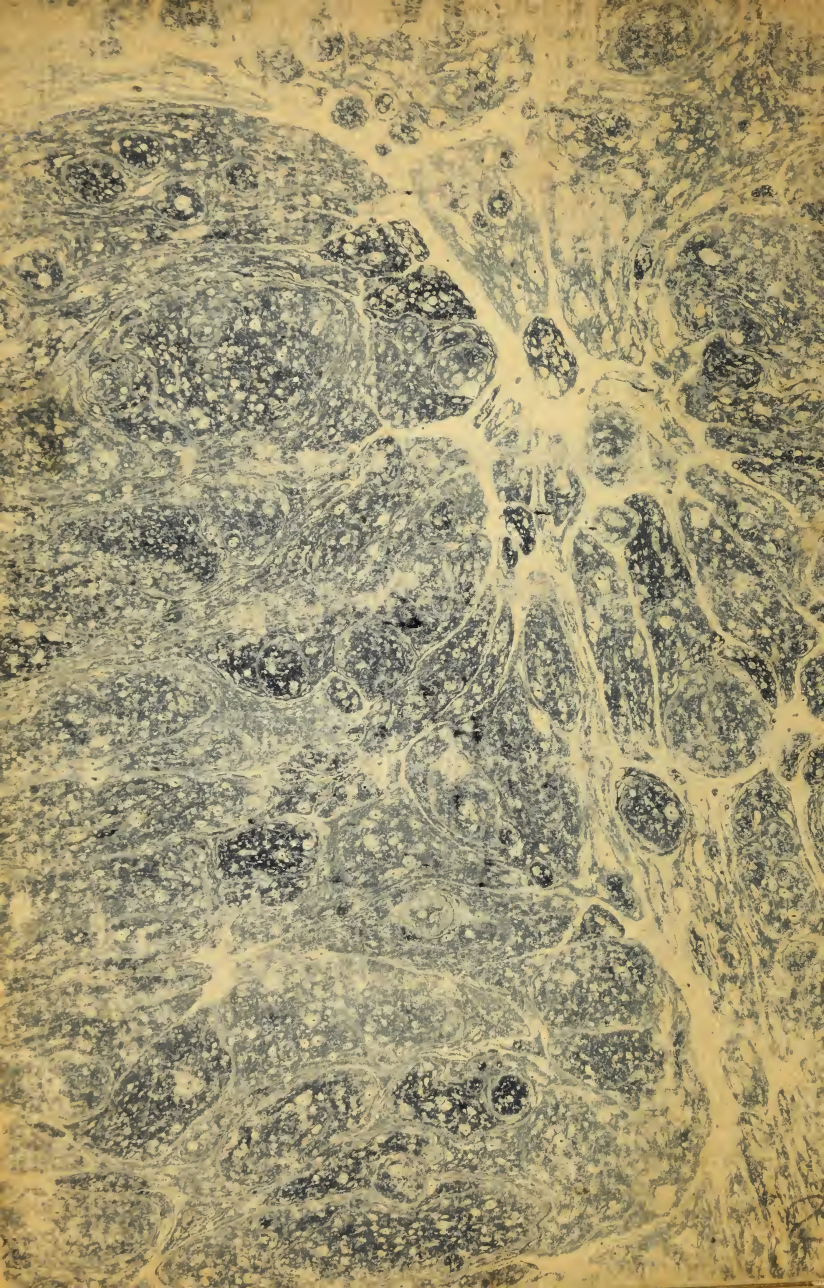
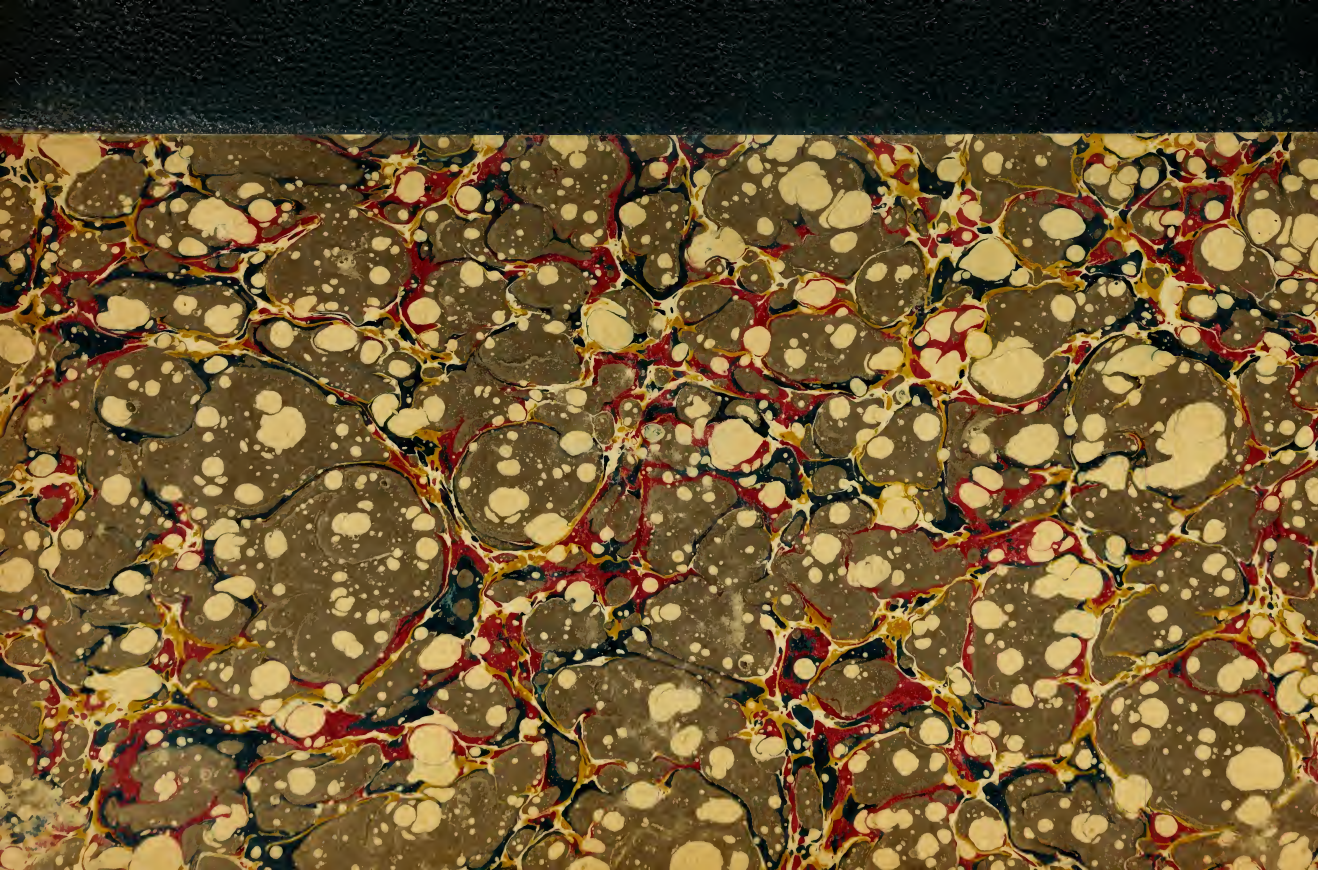
So

So that in striking him, you fight with heaven.
Flo. You see there is no remedie. *Pisa.* Troth none;
I threw at all (and gamesters lucke) all's gone;
Farewell brave spirited girle, he that gainst winde,
Fier and the sea, law and a womans minde,
Strives, is a foole, that's I, Ile now be wise,
And neuer more put trust in womans eyes.
Fia. I love thee for that word with-all my heart.
Flo. Will you come downe pray?
Fia. Sweare as you are a Duke. *Flo.* Yet more a doe.
Pisa. Will you not trust your father?
Fia. Why should I? you see there is no trust i'th' daughter;
Sweare by your hopes of good you will not touch
His naile to hurt him.
Flo. By my hopes I sweare. *Fia.* And you too?
Pisa. Yes, what's falling none can reare.
Fia. Wee come then noble friend, flagg not thy wings,
In this warr I defie a campe of Kings. *Exit.*
Enter Nicolletto, Tibaldo, Alphonsin. Daariene, Alissand, Trebatio.
Flo. See, see, more shoales of friends, most beauteous Ladies,
Faire welcomes to you all.
Nic. My Lord those tides,
Are turn'd, these Ladies are transform'd to brides.
Flo. We heard the happy newes, and therefore sent,
To marry joyes with joyes, yours, with our owne,
Yours (I see) prosper, ours are overthrowne.
Nic. How meane you overthrowne? *Enter Angel. Fiametta.*
Flo. Your owne eyes shall be witnesse how: nay, nay, pray rise,
I know your heart is up, tho' your knees downe.
Ang. All that we stand in feare of is your frowne.
Fia. And all deare father which I begge of you,
Is that you love this man but as I doe.
Flo. What begg you of this Prince?
Fia. That he would take
One favour from me, which my selfe shall make.
Pisa. Pray let it be of willow.
Fia. Well then it shall.
Alph. Why willow? is the noble Prince forsaken?
Pier. All womens faults, one for another taken,

Alp. Now in good ſooth my Lord, ſhee has but vs'd you
As watermen uſe their fares, for ſhee look'd one way,
And row'd another, you but wore her glove,
The hand was *Angeloes*, and ſhe dealt wiſely.
Let woman ne're love man, or if ſhe doe,
Let him nere know it, make him write, waite woe,
Court, cogge, and curſe, and ſweare, and lie, and pine,
Till Love bring him to death's doore, elſe hee 's not mine;
That fleſh eates ſweeteſt that's pick'd cloſe toth' bone,
Water drinkes beſt, that 's hew'd euen from the ſtone;
Men muſt be put to 't home.

Nico. He that loves ducking let him come learne of thee.

Flo. Shee has good skill;
At table will wee heare a full diſcourſe
Of all theſe changes, and theſe Marriages,
Both how they ſhuffled, cut, and dealt about,
What cards are beſt, after the trumpes were out,
Who plaid falſe play, who true, who ſought to ſave
An Ace ith' bottome, and turn'd up a knave;
For Love is but a Card-play, and all 's loſt,
Vnleſſe you cogg, hee that pack's beſt, wins moſt.

Alp. Since ſuch good gamſters are together met,
As you like this, wee'le play another ſett. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.